Week ending July 20 1957 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

The moving story of a mischievous youngster begins in this issue

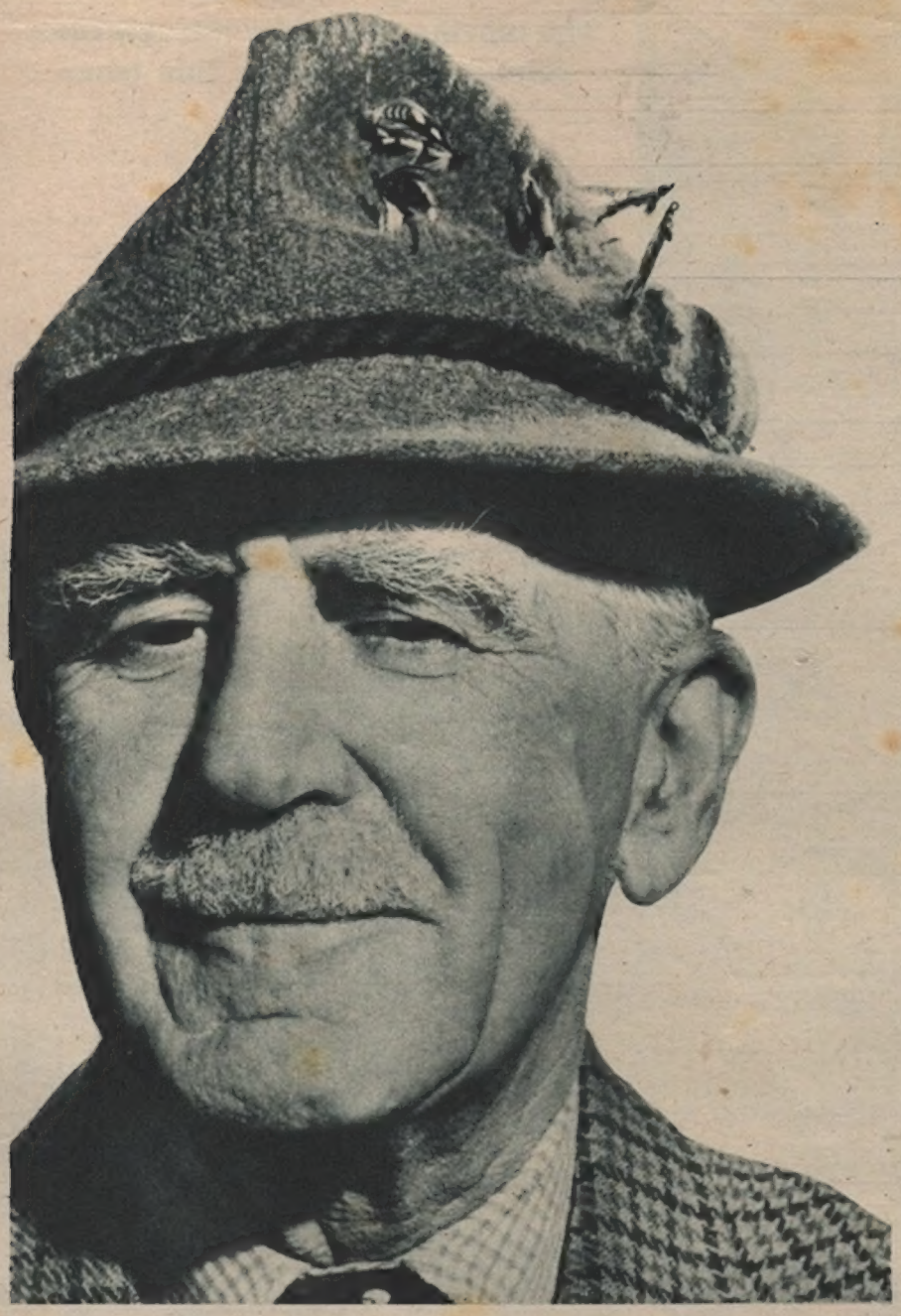
SANDY WAS A SOLDIER'S BOY

Another great novel by

DAVID WALKER

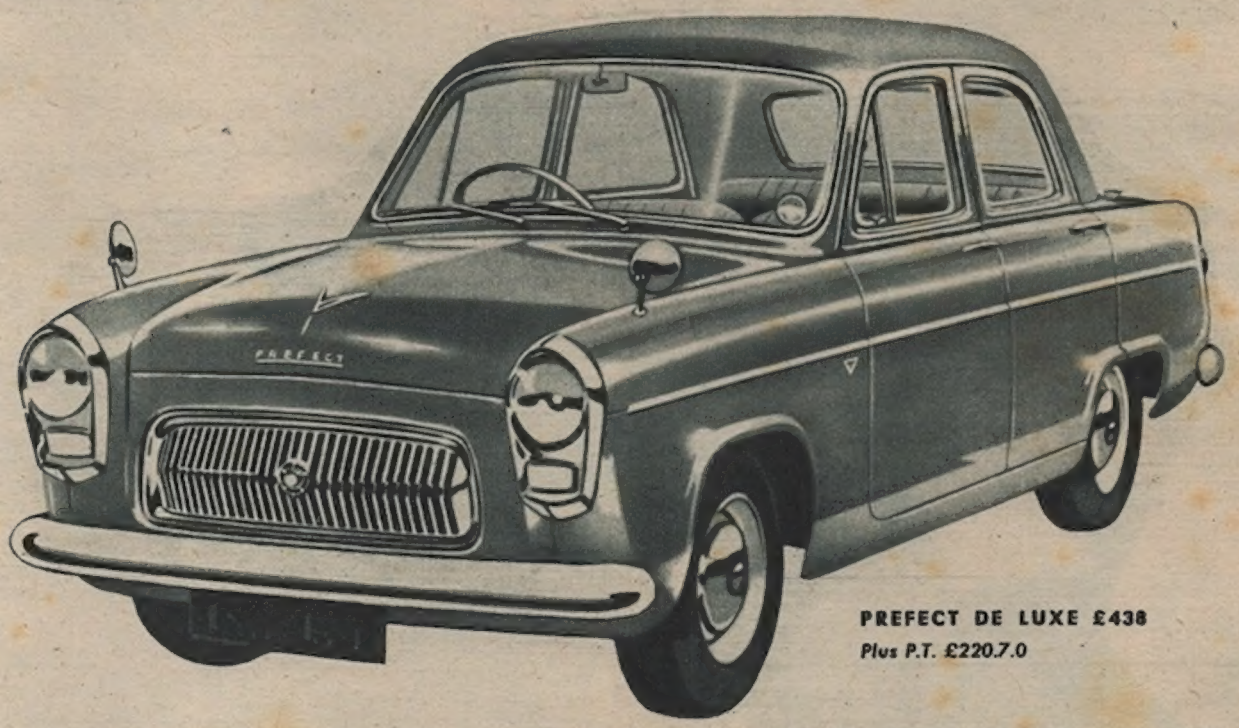
I REFUSED TO DIE

Ian MacHorton's superb Chindit epic



I've a Ford in mind . . .

I've been casting about in my mind—angling for a new car. Which one shall I land? I want my car to be graceful . . . to me, good lines make all the difference. I want comfort for the rough stretches . . . space to take my tackle . . . and service to keep me out of deep water. The more I cast around, the more I find—I've a Ford in mind. There are no flies on Ford!



PREFECT DE LUXE £438
Plus P.T. £220.7.0

Rally winning 1172 c.c. 4-cyl. engine developing 36 B.H.P. 4-door all-steel welded body. 'Glide-Ride suspension. 10 cu. ft. luggage boot with counter-weight lid. Hydraulic Brakes, total lining area 76.8 sq. ins. Safety glass all round, wide-view vision. Provision for heater, de-mister and radio.

FORD

'5-Star' motoring
the best at lowest cost

JOHN BULL

189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

CHANCERY 3344 JULY 20, 1957 VOLUME 102 NUMBER 2664

IN THIS ISSUE

Stories

CLOSE OF PLAY *by N. J. Crisp* 14
STRANGER IN BLALLALAY *by Farley Mowat* 18

Articles

SWITCHING TRACKS ON THE GREAT IRON WAY *by Harry Hopkins* 10
JACKIE BUCKLAND CALLS THE TUNE *by Peter Jackson* 16
THE OTHER SIDE OF YOUR FENCE *by David Millwood* 20
ON COURT WITH A TIGER *by John Ballantine* 21

Serials

SANDY WAS A SOLDIER'S BOY (Part 1) *by David Walker* 7
I REFUSED TO DIE (Part 2) *by Ian MacHorton* 12

Features

FREE SPEECH: 4. THE COVER: 4. JOKES: 22, 25, 28, 29, 31. LAUGHTER: 22, 25, 26, 31. STARKE'S HOLIDAY GUIDE BOOK: 24. MY BROTHER KENNETH: 26. WHY?: 33. NEVER SPURN A SUITOR THOUGH HE'S HUMBLE: 34.

REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

David Walker had four models for his new hero

THE first chapters of David Walker's latest novel were written far from the author's native Highlands. *Sandy Was A Soldier's Boy*, which begins on page 7, was started at his farmhouse home in New Brunswick, Canada, two winters ago. Shortly afterwards Walker set out on a seven-hundred-mile patrol of the Arctic with a Royal Canadian Mounted Police dog-team. Sheltering in a tent from gales and temperatures of forty-five degrees below zero, he continued his work. "I got plenty of time to think about Sandy," says Walker. "So when I came back in May, I finished the book rapidly."

He calls his novel "a fable, running along the edge of fantasy between life as it really is and life as it might be." But the story of the mischievous Sandy has a setting very real to its author. This is the Black Watch, oldest of the great Highland regiments.

Walker served with the regiment from the age of twenty, in 1931, until his retirement in 1947. Six years overseas before the war included a spell in Canada, where he met his wife Willa. When he was taken prisoner in France in 1940, Walker promptly busied himself organizing escapes. He got clear of the camp three times, but each time he was recaptured.

Such adventurousness and high spirits were not lacking in Walker when he was a boy, but he refuses to identify himself with the hero of his new story. "I am only the writer," he says. On the other hand, Walker admits that he has at least four qualifications for writing about Sandy: their names are Giles, Barclay, David and Julian, and their ages range from eleven to five.

FARLEY MOWAT, whose new story, *Stranger In Blallalay*, begins on page 18, also has an interest in Canada and the far north. Just 150 years ago his forbears, the Mowats of Caithness, rescued and befriended an Eskimo who had been kidnapped and then shipwrecked off the Orkneys. Those forbears emigrated to Canada, and it was from there that Farley Mowat himself undertook, in 1946, a tour of the Arctic regions and the Eskimo country.

In two years Mowat covered three thousand miles, often through unexplored barren lands. "It was quite a tramp," he says. He spent some time with a remote Eskimo tribe, and was shocked at the treatment they received from white traders. On his return south Mowat began a crusade for the improvement of the Eskimos' status, to which his first book, *People Of The Deer*, contributed.

Mowat, who is thirty-six, and his wife live in a log house which they had built near Toronto. On visits to Britain Mowat developed a passion for pubs. "In fact," he says, "I began a thorough study of them." He hopes to come again to complete the survey in the near future.

GO FOR Cooper's Y-FRONT REGD. underwear

BRIEFS & SINGLETS IN PANEL RIB OR COTTON MESH

6'6 Midways & Vests in panel rib cotton all sizes 7/6 per garment

REGD.

MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN ONLY BY LYLE AND SCOTT OF SCOTTISH KNITWEAR FAME

WHATEVER THE OUTING

COUNT THERMOS IN

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

By Appointment to H. M. The Queen, Manufacturers of Vacuum Vessels.

THERMOS keeps every precious drop of your drinks STEAMING hot or ICY cold . . . just the way they *should* be for a really successful picnic. And you'll find plenty of models to choose from if you ask for THERMOS—the *original* vacuum flask: from the pocket size minor to the big-capacity Family Flask there's one for every need.

Lone miss? Pack her off with a Thermos Minor

Bicycle made for two? Ask for the smart new 'World' flask no. 15 standard

If Baby makes three . . . settle for the Major 'World' size no. 1515

Four in family? Plenty for everybody in the twin-cupped no. 15Q Family

THERMOS

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Thermos 'WORLD' flasks all have the exclusive lock-on polythene stopper, most effective flask closure ever designed

the reliable brand of vacuum vessels

A gracious welcome to your guests

20/- bottle · 10/6 half-bottle

Also Magnums 40/-

You'll be happy with a HALEX

Their 'rondated' tufts are better for teeth, kinder to gums.

Free Speech

- **It pays to keep up with Jones**
- **TV makes a million Peeping Toms**
- **The town which collects white elephants**

I DON'T laugh at people who struggle to keep up with the Joneses. I've been doing it myself for twenty enjoyable years.

When I married I spent my last penny taking out a heavy mortgage on a house in an expensive district. A year later I had to get a better job to make ends meet—and an even better one so that I could take my children away from the county primary school and pay for the car, television and other extras enjoyed by their prep. school friends.

Keeping up with the Joneses has been my spur to a higher standard of living. The people who call me a snob and a social climber are too complacent and self-centred to make the effort and sacrifices themselves.—B. S., Petts Wood, Kent.

Paid To Take Away

I was surprised to read that Joan Hill, of Welbourn, Lincolnshire, finds it difficult to dispose of an old mattress ("Free Speech," June 22). I had no trouble in Ipswich.

I just called at the rates office to buy two sixpenny junk disposal tickets, rolled up the mattress with the tickets attached and left it for the dustman. One sixpenny ticket is enough for a dustman's hod of junk. — MRS. D. PEACHEY, Sherrington Road, Ipswich, Suffolk.

Keeping In Check

When national service ends, the pre-call up medical examination should be continued as a service to the nation. One or two of my friends can thank it for the discovery of physical troubles which would have become serious had they gone unnoticed much longer.—A. WRIGHT, Laurel Avenue, Darwen, Lancs.

Traffic Signal Corps?

When I halted my car at traffic lights on an arterial road a few days ago I was surprised to see an army motor-cyclist hold up his hand as the lights

changed to red to let about thirty army vehicles continue to cross. Traffic congestion became acute on the remaining three sides. Does this reflect the army's policy towards road manners?—J. G. LEWIS, Old Place, Chipperfield, Hertfordshire.

"There would probably have been worse confusion if the convoy had been split," says the War Office. "Escorts don't normally have the power to overrule traffic lights, but we never move big convoys without co-operating with the police and we try to get them through with the least possible inconvenience to other road users."

Backs To Windows

A foreign friend has made me aware of a strange English custom—that of putting our dressing-table in the front bedroom window so that the back of the looking-glass is visible from outside. We build our houses with carefully laid-out gardens; adorn the windows with expensive curtains, and then ruin the effect with an unsightly piece of plain plywood—R. WELCH, Sherwood Way, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

No Extra Fees

There is a growing tendency for television cameras covering various sporting events, especially cricket, to be used to spotlight individuals and incidents among the spectators.

This seems to be an unwarranted

trespass on privacy. It could lead to considerable embarrassment and perhaps cause trouble. If the audience is an invited one then presumably the right to include members of it in the programme is assumed. But it does seem that however entertaining it may be for viewers, people who have paid for admission should be assured of enjoying the occasion in peace.—WILLIAM BURT, Elms Avenue, Ramsgate, Kent.

Crash In The Night

I had an experience rather like those of Mrs. N. C., of Gravesend, Kent, who has childhood memories of floating downstairs ("Free Speech," June 22). But mine was a dream, which recurred at intervals for many years, in which I was sitting on a chair at the head of a long flight of stairs. Suddenly the chair would rise, move out over the well and, as I gripped the seat with my hands, it would tip forward and hurtle to the ground.

I have been free of this dream since crashing in an R.A.F. aircraft one night in 1941. They found me some distance ahead of it, still strapped in the pilot's seat.—A. H. HILL, Braemore Road, Ilford, Essex.

As a schoolboy, the late J. W. Dunne dreamed the exact sensation he was to experience when flying an aircraft of his own design for the first time twenty years later. Dunne's experiments with volunteers who wrote down their dreams as soon as they woke up led to his famous theory of serial time. This is based on the belief that many people can "recall" the future as well as the past—and Dunne used it to explain the "I have been here before" feeling sometimes experienced by people visiting places for the first time.

Cooled Customer

Nothing annoys me more than the heat-wave drinker. He is the chap who never enters a pub until the thermometer is up in the eighties, orders a half-pint of ice-cooled beer and then complains because it isn't available. This is followed by a long account of those wonderful Continental holidays where iced drinks are the order of the day.

The right temperature for ale is around fifty-four degrees Fahrenheit, and publicans shouldn't be expected to install refrigerators just for the benefit of the heat-wave casuals. — B. B., New Coundon, Bishop Auckland, County Durham.

Four-guinea Signatures

A recently widowed relative had, among other funeral expenses, to pay four guineas for a certificate of cremation. If doctors sign these certificates regularly they must make quite a lot of money in addition to their salaries.

But Dr. Brian Anson doesn't mention such fees in his article "Are Our Doctors Underpaid?" (JOHN BULL, June 1).—FRANK DAVIES, Wednesfield, Staffs.

"Two doctors have to sign these certificates," says a general practitioner, "and the British Medical Association suggests that a suitable fee is two guineas each, plus a mileage allowance where applicable of one shilling a mile. If, say, twenty of my patients die in a year only four or five would be cremated, so these fees add little to the average doctor's salary."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

EVEN the great Izaak Walton would have got his line tangled on this occasion. The compleat angler may be methodical and persevering, but he will have to take lightning action to cope with small boys rampaging into those cool waters. It's no use arguing that this stretch of the river is renowned for its fishing when the anglers' baskets, still empty, tell a much sorrier tale. Our cover artist, indeed, suggests that a hearty splash might well rouse those lazy roach who are dozing below the bank. But then, Mays is merely a sympathetic father—not a fisherman.

A seat in the sun. the scent of flowers—

and everything in the garden is lovely!

Lovelier still if you have Quality Street — a wonderful assortment

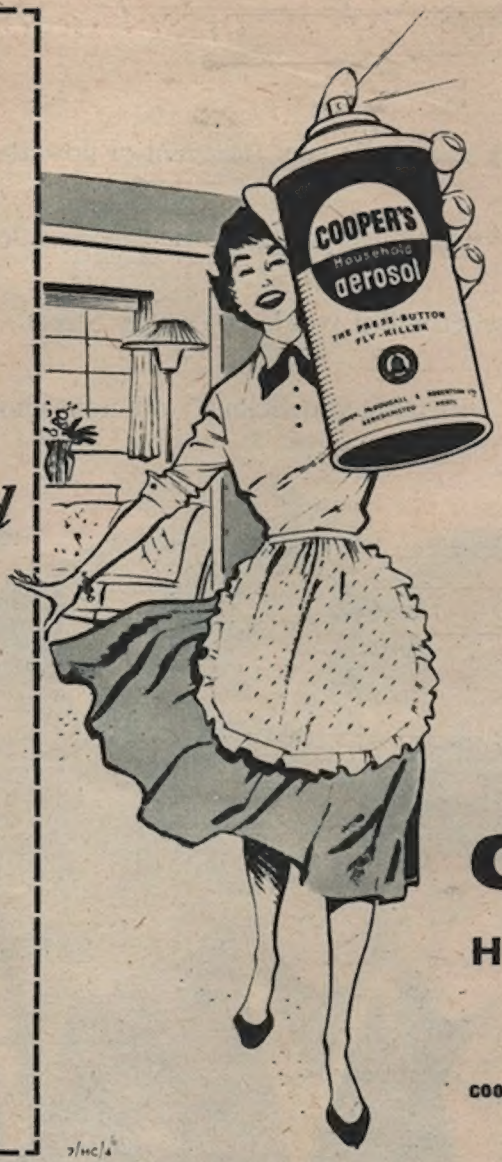
of eighteen deliciously different chocolates and toffees.

Mackintosh's 'Quality Street' REGD

Eighteen delicious varieties of chocolates and toffees

JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD., HALIFAX

Just press the button and power-packed spray punches flies DOWN and OUT



There's sudden death waiting for flying insects when you get your hands on Cooper's Household Aerosol. Just press the button and down go the pests, destroyed by non-poisonous "Pybuthrin" (African pyrethrum synergised with piperonyl butoxide). It's deadly to flies but harmless to you—safe even in the larder—and non-inflammable. Use it all over the house, and throughout the summer enjoy a home that's free from flies, wasps, mosquitoes and midges.

Price 5/6, 10/6.

COOPER'S

HOUSEHOLD AEROSOL

COOPER, McDOUGALL & ROBERTSON LTD., BERKHAMSTED, HERTS.
EST'D 1843.

FRESH-aire — Keeps the air fresh and sweet. A puff's enough to banish household odours *instantly*.
5/6, 10/6.

TIMB-aire — The newest treatment for wood-worm in furniture. Insert the nozzle into worm-holes and just press. 5/6, 10/6.

MOTH-aire—Kills moths and their grubs. One spraying gives up to 12 months protection for stored clothes and furnishings.
5/6, 9/6.

Take a handful of barleycorns

THE farmer looks critically at the barleycorns in his hand because he hopes this crop will go to the Whitbread maltings where only the best is wanted.

Nothing is too much trouble, either on the farm or in the maltings, to make sure the barleys will yield the richest of malt for Whitbread's brews.

They don't call it trouble at Whitbread's—only care and thoroughness.

When you drink to the health of your friends over a glass poured from a Whitbread bottle or a pint of Whitbread draught beer, you are reaping the benefit of all the care that the farmer puts into his land, and every man jack of them at Whitbread's puts into his day's work.

Final Selection
Whitbread Pale Ale
Forest Brown
Whitbread on Draught

WHITBREAD

brewers of some very distinguished beers

WHITBREAD Pale Ale, for example, with that superb flavour—which explains why this beer is to be found in the homes of the knowledgeable in all walks of life.

WDI 177/12

Beginning the heart-warming story of a mischievous youngster

SANDY was a soldier's boy

by DAVID WALKER

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

ONE time a boy called Alexander Donald Kilconquhar McBain was on the hill on a murky day. All the high tops were chopped off by the clouds, and Sandy was thinking that you never could be sure that the tops of the hills were really there inside the clouds, not even if you had seen them often in good Highland weather.

He looked back and thought about the high places that were secret this afternoon. But most of the place that was always secret lay below the clouds. Sandy saw it miles away—high fence, big blank buildings, chimney stump. That might be the tallest chimney in the world. On fine days, white smoke like frosty steam would feather from the chimney. But today the smoke and the chimney top of the Secret Place were double secret in the clouds.

He went on down the hill road with the burn splashing along beside him. He wished

Sandy's teeth chattered a wee bit. He couldn't help it. "Rascal!" the man rumbled. "Monster in human form!"

he was a better hand at guddling trout. He had not even got his fingers on a single one. He was a bit fed-up. He came to the wooden gate. He pulled open the bolt and jumped on the gate and had a grand swing. He did that several times, until there were loud cracks at the hinges. The gate still worked, but it did not look too good, so he pulled it round and up again and closed the bolt and climbed the gate and walked on till he came to the woods.

He looked at the wall and the woods beyond. He could not see over the wall. All he could see were the trees, the wall and a low arch where the burn ran through. He dropped a stick into the burn. He knelt low to watch it go bump and turn and dip in the fast water, and under the arch, and then float slowly down beyond the wall and out of sight.

Sandy looked round about him. Nobody up the open hill; nobody down the open hill. But there was a rule. *No going where you don't belong.* That wall said: *Private Property.* And Sandy had been in trouble lately.

He would drop two sticks this time, a long one and a short, and have a race as far as he could see on the burn beyond the wall, and after that he would go on down the road into Altnadean.

The sticks were pretty well neck and neck through there on the other side when a strange thing happened—a swirl in the dark water, a big trout up to push the small stick with its nose. A monster, it must have been. Oh, gosh!

Before Sandy McBain knew much what had happened, he was through the arch with wet feet and the bottom edge of his kilt wet, too. He looked for the big trout, but he could not see it. Sandy had lost the trout and lost his way in here. Well, there was no good in turning back now.

He followed the right bank of the burn and the next thing he heard was a blackbird's angry squeal, and small birds in a fuss. He prowled on to see what could be wrong.

The birds kept up a terrible cackle and chirp, with the blackbird loudest. Sandy could see them now, hopping from branch to branch of a a big oak tree at the edge of the wood where the sky showed pale. There was a building, too, a greenhouse sheltered from the north and open to the sunny south. On the top near corner of the roof a grey squirrel sat as cheeky as you please. It was not nice like the red squirrel with the cocked-up tail. It was bigger, and it had a ratty, toothy face, killing red squirrels, eating robins' eggs, killing baby blackbirds, a foreigner. It nibbled at the pink thing in its nasty paws.

I'll teach you, Sandy thought. *Dash blank something murderer.* He knew some good bad words.

He put his left hand into his sporran pocket and took out his catapult. Then he put his right hand into his sporran pocket and felt for a round pebble.

Then he aimed at the grey squirrel; he took very careful aim and saw the pebble fly straight as a bullet. It missed the squirrel by a whisker. The squirrel did not seem to notice.

Must ca'canny, Sandy thought. Second shot. Too much left. The squirrel paid no heed. The birds still fussed about.

Third time lucky, Sandy thought, and his bullet went fast as the wind this third time. So did the wicked squirrel. So did father blackbird with his orange bill, and brown mother blackbird and the smaller birds.

Nobody left here but Sandy McBain, listening to the clatter and the tinkle and the crash. Where the top centre pane of glass had been there was nothing now, not even spiky bits of glass.

Sandy gave one grunt. Then he started shooting the end out of that greenhouse. At first he listened to the bad grand music of the glass each time. But he got quicker and quicker—load, draw, fire—one pane still falling as the next one went, and nothing could stop it.

The wooden frames were there—twenty-seven, he counted them; sad corner-slivers of glass were there; Sandy McBain was here among the rhododendrons, back here from wherever it was that he had been.

He closed his eyes and shook his head twenty-seven times. He looked again. The terrible thing was true. He ran, pushing and tearing out through the bushes.

Shouts and bellows. "Ha-laust there, Susan!" it sounded like. Things happened quickly. Sandy stumbled on a root and fell. The dog arrived. Sandy got up to run. The dog had him by the kilt. It was a tugging match, and the dog was about as big as he was, and the dog had four feet to tug against. Sandy stopped. The dog let go, and then the man arrived.

"Sit, Susan," said the man. "There's a clever girl." Susan's lips slid down and she wagged her tail; then took it easy, watching Sandy. The man stared down at Sandy. He was not quite so tall and not quite so broad perhaps as a chap called Geordie MacTaggart, gamekeeper and champion at the shot-put. But this man had broad black moustaches, brushed-out-the-ways, and he had black eyebrows not so broad as the moustaches, and from the eyebrows down to the moustaches, ran, or twisted, the biggest-boniest nose you ever saw. His face was red and his eyes were blue.

"Rascal!" the man rumbled. "Monster in human form!" Then he took a notebook and pencil from his pocket and he licked the pencil, and Sandy had the worst thought yet. That this was a muckle plain-clothes bobby, and the man said: "Names, please."

Sandy gulped and took a deep breath and said: "Alexander Donald Kilconquhar McBain." He said Kilconquhar the way it was spelt, because this policeman was a Sassenach.

"Alexander Donald Kinyucher McBain." The man repeated it the right way. "Address?"

"Care of the Black Watch, Altnadean," said Sandy.

"H'mm. Your father, who is he?"

Couldn't tell a lie. Susan stared at him; her lips were curling up a bit again; police dog. "Pipe Major Donald McBain," he said.

The man stared at the greenhouse. "Come on!" he growled. "Confess!"

Sandy told about the birds and about the squirrel, missing it, and then the top pane of glass and then. . . .

"It was like a red daftness took me sudden-like."

"The red daft blood of the McBains. Weapon please."

Sandy pushed up the flap of his sporran pocket, took out his new catapult, and gave it over.

"Ammunition!"

Sandy took the last pebble from his sporran pocket. The man drew the elastic a huge long way and then he fired, and blew a flower pot to smithereens, and handed back the catapult without a word; and then, so loud that Sandy jumped, he shouted: "Prisoner and escort, shun! Now listen, prisoner, no monkey business! Susan is expecting babies soon. She must not overdo it. Right turn. Quick march."

Then they came round a corner to see a house the size of several barrack-blocks put together.

"Welcome to the mansion of my aunt," the man said. "Make yourself at home," he boomed inside. "Have a cigar. Have anything you like, but no red daftness with the windows of my aunt. Susan, keep watch while I seek the women."

Susan, the labrador, expecting babies, lay on the carpet, her head on her paws, and if Sandy so much as moved one inch, she looked sideways and her lips curled up and she smiled at him. So Sandy stood pretty well as still as a mouse, which was what he felt like.

The man was shouting all over the house. Then Sandy heard his footsteps, and lighter, quicker steps as well. Sandy expected a grown-up, the man saying *women.* But it was a girl smaller than Sandy was himself.

"This is m'daughter," said the man. "Sheila, make your famous curtsey to the Right Honourable Sir Catapult McBain."

"I won't," she said.

"Shake hands, then."

They shook. "Back soon," he said, and went out. Sandy was fair bewildered. "Is yon your dad?" he said.

"Yes," she said, hoity-toity English. "What was that silly-sounding name he called you? Sir Patacake or something? Are you a sir?"

Sandy shook his head. *Sir Catapult.* He

They sat where the burn splashed by. Sandy began to eat Plain Geordies, and Sheila ate Curly Kates

Mum was crying. "How could you do a thing like yon?" she said. Sandy couldn't say what he didn't know. "Away up to your room," said Dad

looked down and shook his head. Perhaps this was the worst trouble he was ever in.

"Did you do something bad?"

He nodded. "Bust twenty-seven glasses in yon greenhouse by the wood."

"Oooh!" she said. "*Twenty-seven.* My Auntie Ab'nHolyMoses!"

He looked up, and he didn't think she was too bad after all, and so he told her.

"Dinna fash yersel ower much," she said as broad as he could speak himself. "Daddy can manage Aunt Abigail."

"Who's Aunt Abigail?"

"My Great-aunt Abigail. We're staying with her while. . . . Well, we're staying here."

"Is your dad a policeman?"

Sheila laughed. She had a cheery laugh. "Och no," she said. "Is yours?"

"My dad's Pipe Major Donald McBain," said Sandy.

"Oh, I see," she said.

"Your dad . . ." said Sandy. He had just had an idea that could explain the daftness of her dad. "Would your dad be on his holidays like from the Loony Bin?"

Sheila put her head far back and laughed and laughed, and Sandy didn't see a joke but he laughed, too, forgetting the trouble he was in; and then the voices sounded in the hall.

". . . It's quite outrageous. I shall prosecute."

"There might be some excuse for shooting up the squirrel, Auntie Ab. But even grey squirrels have to live. . . ."

"No, they do not. I would murder every single horrible one."

"Don't be so bloodthirsty, Aunt Abigail. . . ."

"I shall be as bloodthirsty as I want."

"Stop interrupting, Auntie Ab. As I was trying to say, there might be some excuse about the squirrel. There can be no excuse for a wholesale slaughter of greenhouse glass. These children nowadays. . . ."

"Hypocrite! What did you do to that very greenhouse?"

"Two wrongs do not make a right, Aunt Abigail. This rascal will have to be severely punished."

There was an open window. Sandy was just measuring the distance to it to escape when Sheila put her mouth against his ear, and hissed so close it tickled: "It's going to be okay, I think. Daddy's managing Aunt Abigail. She always says the opposite."

"So my advice—and I feel very strongly about this, Auntie Ab—is to call in the police. Shall I telephone at once?"

"No, you certainly will not. Really, Hector, I'm ashamed of you. Show me the poor child."

"In the library, Aunt Abigail."

The woman came in. She was tall and she stared down at Sandy. "A handsome boy," she said, as if Sandy was a good trout on a plate. Then she barked: "Who are you?"

"I'm Sandy McBain," he said. He looked beyond her and saw the big man slowly close his right blue eye, and then say a silent word with teeth and tongue. "Sorry," Sandy said. "I'm verra sorry. Yon squirrel wi' the baby blackbird, that was what started me, and once I got started I couldn't get stopped."

"Familiar feeling," the old lady said.

"Make him pay up or go to jail."

"Will you be quiet, Hector? Is the greenhouse yours? How could the poor boy pay?"

"Would there be work to do about the place?" asked Sandy. "It's my holidays. I'd like fine to work."

She stared at him. "Yes, we might find you work, cutting the grass or weeding."

"That's that," said Hector Somebody. "Lord

Continued on page 28

Switching tracks on the great iron way

by HARRY HOPKINS

As their vast modernization plan unfolds, the railways that made Britain rich gather speed to join the jet-age

Now he is a diesel driver, Les Jordan gets home in Booth Road, Derby, clean and fresh

Hauled by diesel locomotives, the Royal Scot leaves Euston. Diesels cost three times as much as steam engines and demand more skilled maintenance, but they are far more economical to run

OFFICIAL bowler safely parked beside him in the driving cab, Inspector Neville Sumner, of British Railways, Sheffield, gave an experimental tootle on the railcar's two-note horn. He said: "The last time I was down this line was twenty-one years ago—driving the Sunday excursion trains out of Leicester. Half a crown a head return, to Alton Towers!"

He braked and drew the gleaming, green railcar to a neat practice halt at a deserted country station platform. "You know, this silence takes some getting used to. The old steam engines now, there was a real art in driving them. . . . Still, no soaking wet shirts any more."

In the railcar behind us fitters were bending over a hole in the coach floor, studying the action of gearbox and transmission as an instructor pointed out important features. They were a mixed lot; young men just out of their apprenticeships and grey-haired veterans of fifty and over. They spoke with the accents of many parts of Britain. Like Inspector Sumner and his driving colleagues, they were temporary students of British Railways' Diesel Training School at Derby, and these railcar trips up and down this quiet branch line through the charming Churnet Valley are a regular part of the school's formidable task of "converting" several generations of British railwaymen from steam to diesel.

Now, as British Railways' vast £1,200 million modernization plan gathers pace in its second year, new training schools are being opened in other regions. In 1957 Britain, which introduced railways to the world and built her wealth upon them, is embarking on the tremendous task of making over her complex railway system to meet the needs of the atomic age.

In the railway metropolis of Derby, gaunt with those high, fortress-like buildings built for the Victorian railway engineers, an historic moment was at hand. For more than a hundred years the Derby loco works had been building steam engines. Now, in the erecting shops, the last ten were on the stocks.

Already a works poster, pinned up on a wall, proclaimed the new age: "DERBY DELIVERS THE DIESELS!" The old Derby loco works hung suspended between worlds. On one side, the gritty, sweating clangorous world of the steam erecting and boiler shops; on the other, the clean, precise world of the electric motor and internal-combustion engine.

"One needs to change one's whole outlook," commented assistant works manager Maurice Henstock. In an old paint shop a dust-free chamber was being prepared for work to fine tolerances on diesel engines' fuel-injection equipment.

No. 10001, one of the first two experimental main-line diesel-electric locos built at Derby, was in the diesel erection shop for repair. Inside, walking down the corridor that links the driving cabs at either end, it seemed as crammed with machinery as a battleship. For the diesel-electric is, in fact, a power house on wheels: oil-fed multiple-cylinder engines driving the dynamo which supplies current to the electric motors which turn the wheels. It generates enough electricity to light a small town.

A mile or so away the fresh winds of the railway revolution were blowing, too, through the great sprawling domain of the carriage and wagon works. "C. & W." had abandoned their traditional preoccupation with coach building to concentrate on railcars, their new pride and joy. With the names of towns all over Britain on their front-indicator panels—Bradford . . . Gainsborough . . . Banbury . . . Goole—the railcars were flowing off the long production line with all the inconsequence one finds in a motor-car plant.

And here again was a new world. The railcar's driving controls are electrically animated, so the diesel shop foreman, Harold Morris, was an electrician, formerly on the coach lighting side. When production started there had been eight electricians; now there were seventy. Laminated plastic panelling, chromium-plated bus-type seats, asbestos sprayed on the interior of the cars for insulation.

Railed off in a corner of the shop stood a couple of replicas of coaches of the pioneer 1831 Manchester to Liverpool Railway. The third-class coaches are open trucks, without seats.

"That," said my guide, "was when we were beating the canals. Now, with these railcars, we are hoping to beat the buses."

Everywhere, throughout the great works, new

A passenger train pulled by an electric locomotive between Sheffield and Manchester. The locomotive can take extra power from the line at will, and comes into its own on the gradients on this line

Driver George Sheridan (left) and G. Barker, his assistant, in their electric locomotive. Barker prefers a steam engine fireman's open-air life

techniques were being brought into use, the tempo quickening. Steel wagons and bulk containers were speeding from production lines. All-welded, sixteen to twenty-four tons in weight and sometimes fitted with roller bearings, they would take the place of the shabby old wooden wagons for so long one of the familiar sights of Britain.

From rail depots all over the country three trains a week were being routed to Derby, collecting goods wagons so that they could be equipped with continuous "pipe" vacuum brakes. In six or seven years, when this gigantic labour is completed, the old clunk-clank, clunk-clank of the slow goods train will no longer be heard in the night. The absurdity of goods trains halting at the top of inclines while the guard walks down them pegging the brake lever of each wagon separately—and repeating the performance to release the brakes at the foot of the incline—will at last be a thing of the past.

Freight trains running at speeds of up to sixty miles per hour will thus become not only possible but normal—with a quickening not only of Britain's industry and commerce but of the whole railway system.

"This has been a great fillip to us," said Foreman Morris in the railcar shop. "All the lads in here are as keen as mustard. . . ."

Britain's railway network is one of the most highly developed and intensively used in the world. Every weekday it handles 23,000 passenger trains, transports more than two and a half million passengers and a million tons of freight, including nearly three-quarters of our coal. It still provides the essential life-giving arteries of Britain. Yet for many years they have been ageing arteries. The railways, starved of capital, have brooded on vanished glories while new means of transport grew all around them. Now, in 1957, they are waking up at last, taking a long, steady, appraising look at themselves.

THE old steam locomotive had the peculiar defects and qualities of its time. It was robust, uncomplicated and prodigally wasteful of coal, only eight per cent of which was converted to energy. But even if badly run or maintained, the old iron horse would still carry on.

It is quite otherwise with its supplanter, the diesel locomotive, a complex precision instrument for a complex precision age, which repays the higher maintenance standard it requires with greater exactitude of performance.

"They're ideal for timekeeping," commented Les Jordan, a Derby "spare-link" driver who handles both steam and diesel. "You see, you've got to fight a steam engine some of the time. . . ." The diesel, on the other hand, springs to life at the touch of a switch. It can be kept in use ninety per cent of the time, whereas the old steam engine requires three to four hours' dirty work every day from a whole retinue of sweating attendants, fire-droppers and ashpit men, steam-raisers and barmen (who clean out the fire grates), tube-sweepers and coalmen. As successive depots are wholly dieselized a great mass of messy and laborious work will disappear.

It is advisable to remind oneself that our railway system was laid down many years before the motor car was invented. A maze of obscure branch lines have become hopelessly uneconomic now, for even with only light traffic a track requires several hundred pounds a mile each year to maintain. Where road transport covers the same area, little-used branch lines are now being closed down at an increasing rate, so as to stop heavy losses and to enable the railways to get on to a profit-making basis by the 1960s, when they expect to start paying back some of the modernization millions which they have borrowed from the state.

But many other more promising local lines, all over Britain, are scheduled for "rejuvenation by railcar."

The light diesel railcar is British Railways' most successful piece of "modernization" to date. Its cheerful tootle and silent passage is fast becoming a phenomenon of the British countryside. Smart in their chromium and shiny green paint, the railcars flash about the wide open spaces of East Anglia, shuttle up and down the bleak Cumberland coast or between the textile towns of the West Riding. They are packed with commuting strap-hangers between Birmingham and Lichfield, carry farmers and summer tourists through the deep mountain valleys of North Wales. And wherever they have appeared they have brought an upward surge—often spectacular—in passengers and revenue.

The Bury to Bacup branch line goes winding up into the Pennines, linking the little cotton towns of the bleak and narrow Rossendale valley. When the line was opened, in three successive sections, between 1846 and 1852, the small stone mills beside the Irwell were thriving producers of Lancashire cottons for the world. Today many of them have been converted to slipper factories.

But, then as now, the railway was the vital artery of the valley. Yet, because of its steep gradients, its twisting and turning and its many level-crossings, the line had become costly to maintain. For the railway authorities, it had become a problem line; one of many. In an effort to keep it going, steam trains had been cut, until they were few and far between. A

Continued on page 33

The railcars' shining white domes are made by girls, who mix powders and pastes with fibre glass to a specially devised recipe

A prospective employee is interviewed in the carriage and wagon works' school. Through the window apprentices work at the machines

I REFUSED TO DIE (2)

My hideout in a jungle paradise

by IAN MacHORTON

For a week I lazed in the sun, ate sumptuous food and nursed my wounds. Then, suddenly, back came the Japs

THE Japanese officer climbed the mountainside towards me. In his left hand he held a pistol. His right hand started to draw his sword from its scabbard. He advanced so eagerly, so confidently, that I was certain he knew of my hiding place.

The date was March 30, 1943. I was lying wounded behind the Jap lines in Burma. My companions had obeyed the Chindit law and left me behind while they, unhindered by the burden of a crippled man, had continued their hundred-mile journey to the Chinese border.

I felt angry with my fellow officers who had taken the decision to leave me. Even more did I regret that when the Jap and his ten men had arrived to search my part of the jungle, I had not seized the chance to try to kill them with my tommy gun.

I had hesitated. Now it was too late. Through a gap I watched the officer coming towards me. Then a miracle happened. Suddenly he turned and lunged through the undergrowth, away from me. He had missed me. But he had found the trail left by the column. At once he went back to the road, opened a map and started to give orders. His men crowded round him. Two of them jumped into the truck and roared off towards the Jap garrison at Mong Mit, no doubt to spread the news of the discovery.

The officer and his remaining men returned to the jungle, and set off to follow the column's trail. Soon they were gone, the noise of their hunt getting fainter, and I was alone.

Exhausted by the tension of the past few minutes, I fumbled for my pipe. As I lit it, the first draw gave me a feeling of comfort. My mood of despair changed to hope.

My wound, which was in my left thigh and still had a mortar bomb splinter in it, was so painful that I could hardly bear to let my leg touch the ground. However, I resolved that somehow I would find a way to walk.

My column was heading for China. Our orders, when G.H.Q. in India had called off the Chindit offensive, were simply to leave Burma by the shortest route. The column had reckoned to reach the border in four days. Probably I could manage only one mile a day —but even at that rate I would do it in just over three months.

Despite the danger from Japs and wild animals, the more I thought about this idea the more it appealed to me. I decided that I could do it. I would walk to China. . . .

First, I made a crutch. This was easy. I had only to reach above me to find a thick bamboo pole. With my *kukri*—native sword—I trimmed it to length.

I made an arm pad from a balaclava helmet. Next I lightened my load. Going through my pack, which had weighed 50 lb. when we set out eight weeks previously, I decided that I needed only my water bottle, two packets of biscuits, Atebrin tablets for warding off malaria, compass, hunting knife, revolver and ammunition. The rest of my kit—tommy gun, grenades, blanket and spare clothes included—I hid in the undergrowth to deny them to the Japs.

Now I was ready to go. I rolled on to my right side and made two attempts to stand, but each time I failed. The pain was too intense. I collapsed with a cry.

Luckily, part of the outside rim of the hollow consisted of a vertical bank five feet high. I crawled over and leaned the crutch against it. Then I raised myself almost to a sitting position and gently eased my body over the bank, feet first. When my sound leg had touched the bottom and taken my weight, I hung on to a clump of bamboo with one hand while I placed the crutch in position.

Now I was standing. I turned to face a slope which led northwards up the mountain.

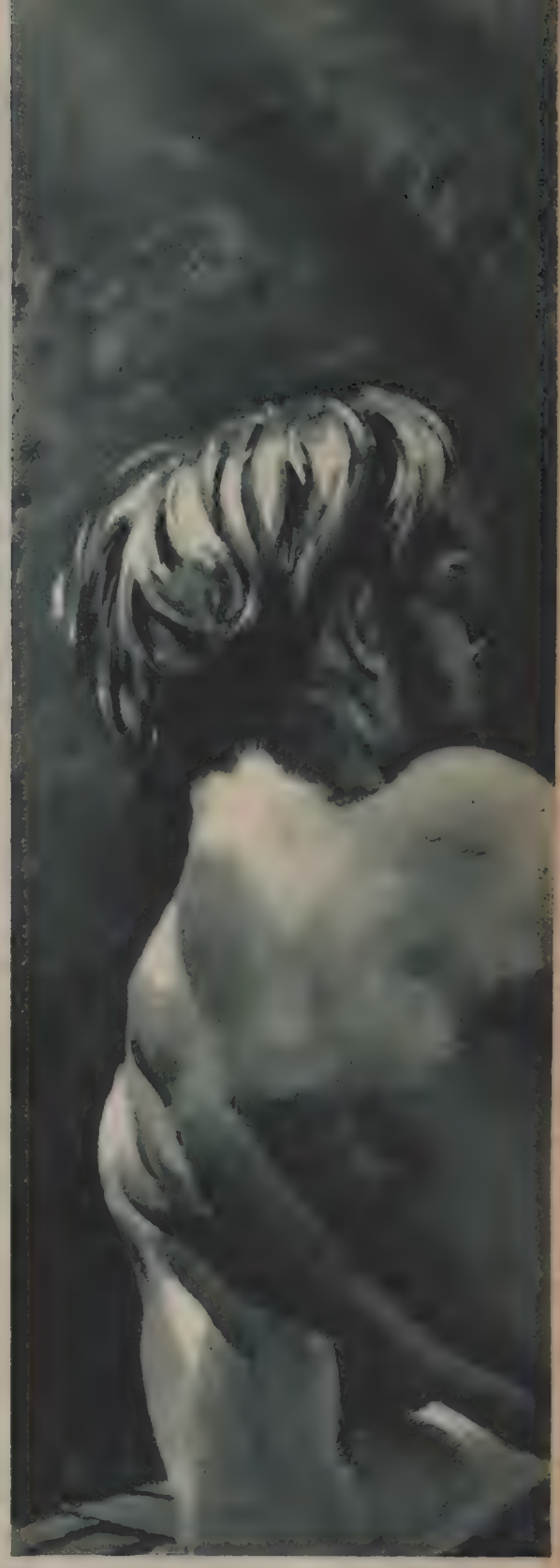
Aloud I said: "China, here I come."

For hour after hour, I hobbled on along a mountain track. The pain became more intense, so I put my leg in a splint by tying it to the crutch with a strip of cloth. At times the pain became so great that I nearly fainted and had to crouch, vomiting, my body soaked in sweat.

By evening, I had covered three miles. Then the track forked. To the left was the spoor of our Chindit column—and imprints made by the pursuing Japs.

Anxious for a quiet night, I followed the right-hand fork and slithered down a slope at the side of it. With an agreeable lack of pain I emerged through some trees into a small, well-hidden valley.

I took out my revolver, cleaned it carefully, reloaded it and placed it under my hat just a few inches from my right hand. My immediate security taken care of, I ate a packet of



I heard sharp commands in Japanese, and then

A famous Burma veteran recalls

THESE SPLENDID MEN

by Brigadier Bernard Fergusson, D.S.O., O.B.E.

IT is nothing short of a privilege to introduce this book, and I hope it will be widely read. These events happened nearly fifteen years ago, but we do well not to forget them. I hope there will be many readers to make the acquaintance of these splendid men.

I vouch for its truth. Although I had not met, or had barely met, MacHorton in those days, his story was widely known to us, and there were plenty of surviving witnesses of his wounds, his appearances and disappearances. It may seem offensive that I should deem it necessary to say this, but there have been two wholly unsubstantiated narratives purporting to be genuine first-hand accounts of adventures on this expedition which I know from internal evidence to be bogus.

MacHorton's account of what went through his mind at different moments rings true to me; and although I did not undergo a tithe of the ordeal which was his, I am enough of an initiate to recognize the authentic. I, too, was separated from my friends without map, compass or food; and I, too, stumbling vaguely northward through Burma, almost without purpose, met them again. I wrote afterwards, and I still aver, that I have never been more aware of God's mercy.

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARDS

the heavy door swung open. The priest gestured, and the stranger spoke a language I could not understand. I shook my head, determined not to help

biscuits, took an Atebrin tablet and shut my eyes. Now that I had decided on a plan of action I had a feeling that I could leave the rest to God. Weakened by loss of blood I slipped easily into a deep sleep. . . .

Well before dawn I awoke shivering. It needed immense will-power to crawl back up the slope out of the valley and raise myself by clutching at some creepers. Once more I set off along the track. The sun rose, but I was near the snow-line and felt the chill air through my tattered shirt and trousers.

My increasing exhaustion became too much. Though my mind fought to compel my flagging body to continue its progress, I felt that the end was very near. My bearded chin rasped against my chest as my head sagged with weakness. Feverishly my eyes searched for a slope down which I might ease myself and rest. But I could find nowhere. All that I could see was the steep cliff at one side of the track and the precipitous drop on the other.

When I had rounded the next bend the cliff seemed to sway and bulge as spasms of nausea swept over me. I saw the track ahead as a confused grey-brown mass, swirling and undulating.

Sharply there stood out the figures of two men advancing on me. To my fading senses they loomed like giants. Something inside told me that they were Japs. I drew my revolver and pulled the trigger again and again until I dropped to the ground unconscious. . . .

The next thing of which I was aware was the coarse texture of a blanket covering me. It prickled as I turned over and vomited. Once more I was overwhelmed by exhaustion.

When I opened my eyes again my head felt clear. My body was warm. I felt clean. My wound no longer throbbed.

Was I dead? For a moment, after all I had been through, the strange sensation of content made it seem possible. I stretched. As I did so, I heard a creak. That was it; I was in a bed.

I turned my head. Sunlight was slanting down behind me. It came through a grille high up in a thick stone wall. Good God! Was I in prison?

Then I saw the gleam of a brass jug on the floor beside me. I eased myself up and raised it to my lips, drinking deeply. As I put the jug back on the floor it rang like a bell.

"Shush!"

I sat up in fright. A man was rising from the floor on the other side of the bed. I shielded my eyes from the sun to look at him. Tall, grey-haired and thin, he wore the long yellow robe of a Buddhist priest. Putting a finger to his lips he repeated: "Shush!"

Immediately I looked round for a way of escape. I was in an underground room about twelve feet by six. The ceiling was high—nearly thirty feet—and almost lost in darkness. The massive door was studded with iron. Through the grille in the wall I saw the boots and puttees of a soldier. Only Japanese soldiers wore boots and puttees like that.

The worst has happened, I thought. *I'm a prisoner.* I slumped back. My hand went to my waist for my revolver, but I had been stripped of clothes and equipment.

I heard sharp commands in Japanese. Then

Continued on page 25

Keith looked at the pleasing face, the friendly eyes, and heard her soft voice. "I'm Mary Drew," she said. "We were at school together"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

Close of play

by N. J. CRISP

He had faced the best bowlers alone. But this was a new challenge. Could Mary give him the courage he needed?

THE doctor stared at the sky and said: "It looks like rain. We can get you a taxi, you know."

"I can get one on the main road."

"Just as you like. Remember now, take it easy. I'm sorry we couldn't do anything about the hand, but. . . ."

"I know. Thanks for everything."

They shook hands, and the doctor disappeared through the big swing doors. Keith Thomas walked down the steps of the hospital and along the pavement, deliberately emptying his mind, watching the uneven paving stones disappear under his feet. Two small boys rushed out of an alley, cannoned cheerfully into him, said, "Sorry, mister," and started to play ball.

Keith recovered his balance, but his head began to swim, and he put his suitcase down. The boys stopped bouncing their ball, and one said, excitedly: "Isn't that Keith Thomas?"

Keith picked up his suitcase, and set off again. He could feel two pairs of eyes scrutinizing him.

"No," said the other boy. "Keith Thomas doesn't look anything like that."

"Betcha," his friend said obstinately. "I saw him bat against Yorkshire last year."

He left them squabbling. The doctor had been right. He was beginning to feel distinctly odd. On the corner of the main road he hailed a taxi and climbed into it gratefully.

At the cricket ground he walked in through the big double wooden gates and stopped, gazing at the familiar scene, at the sweeping carpet of grass, the terraced seats, the factory chimney beyond; and, in the far corner, the nets.

Despite the dullness of the day, there was net practice going on, and he watched the white-clad, cheerful figures enviously. He couldn't face them, not yet; not until he had got used to himself again. He turned and walked behind the two big pavilions to the secretary's office.

Captain Regan was sitting behind his desk. "Keith!" he said, scrambling up, beaming. "I hoped you'd come and see us."

"Just to say goodbye, really."

"No hope for the arm, then . . . ?"

"I'm afraid not. The grip has gone in my left hand. I can scarcely hold a box of matches."

"A tragedy," Regan said. "A tragedy."

He shook his bald head, and his absurd ginger moustache wobbled. He looked rather comic, but Keith realized that his sorrow was genuine.

Outside, the groundsman was cutting the outfield, the hum of the motor mower somehow adding to the quiet.

Regan said: "The county will do what it can, of course. A lump sum, probably. . . ."

"Thank you."

"If you need a job," Regan added awkwardly, "something to keep you going. . . ."

"Pulling the roller? Selling tickets at the turnstiles?"

"We're not a rich county, unfortunately."

"I know. It's not that. I don't think I could bear to do any job here." Keith gestured towards the square, the white-marked creases. "Not after playing."

"Ah, well," Regan said, at a loss. Then he went on abruptly: "We've put some new photographs up."

Round the walls of his office hung pictures of cricketing giants of the past and present. The old ones were yellowing; beefy men clutching bats stared stonily, embarrassed by the camera.

Keith followed Regan's pointing finger. He saw a picture of himself entering the pavilion gate, smiling, his bat held above his head. He didn't need to look at the caption.

Regan supplied it: "*A fine innings.*"

Keith vividly remembered the moment when the photograph must have been taken. He was gloriously tired, the sweat running down his face, and the crowd rose to him, applauding and cheering. The score board was just clicking over to read: "Last Man 187." The selectors had been there, and for a while he had hoped that he might get his chance to play for his country.

Regan said: "I still think you ought to have been in the England team last season."

"I was young. I expect they thought there was plenty of time."

Whether that was really the reason, he didn't know. But he wasn't picked to play against the Australians. He hadn't minded. *Next season*, he had told himself. *Next season*. . . .

Regan leaned sideways, peering through the window. "The lads are just finishing net practice. They'll be glad to see you."

Keith stood up hurriedly. "Some other time. Give them my regards."

He took another taxi to his flat and went straight to the office. He said to the porter: "Did you get my letter?"

"Yes, Mr. Thomas. Here's your receipt. You're paid up to date. Your things are all packed up in the basement."

"That was very good of you."

"No trouble, sir. We shall miss you. . . . Oh, a Mr. Barton came to see you a few minutes ago. He said he'd wait."

Barton was sprawled in an armchair, smoking. Keith said: "I'm surprised to see you."

"I expect this will be the last time, and I'm damn sorry. May I ask you some questions?"

"Of course, but there's little to answer. They did their best, but my left hand now has no grip in it. You can't have a one-handed batsman. That's about it. The end of a career."

"What are you going to do now?"

Keith sat down. He felt tired and lonely. He said: "You print cricket news, not gossip. Is anyone interested in me now?"

Barton threw his cigarette in the fireplace. He said: "Your career was relatively brief but spectacular. Now that it's"—he hesitated for a fraction of a moment—"interrupted, I want to write an assessment of your achievements. And everyone will be interested to know what you are going to do in the future."

Keith shrugged. "From here I'm going to Purbridge. I don't suppose you've ever heard of it."

"A village in the west country. You were born there. Left when you were sixteen. You forget that it's my job to know about people."

"Yes. My father had a general shop there. He died three years ago. There's someone running it for me. I shall go there—for a while."

"And after that?"

"I don't know. Get out of the country, I think. Go somewhere where they've never heard of cricket."

Barton lit a cigarette, watching his lighter as it flamed. "Natural enough, I suppose. But I expect it will wear off."

Keith shook his head. "I was doing well," he said. "There was something to look forward to. Everyone likes being known and recognized. And then. . . ."

He leaned forward, held out his left hand to Barton, and tried to snap his thumb and

Continued on page 22

From a studio control room, Miss Buckland watches Slim Whitman record a song. As a record plugger, she earns £1,000 a year

Jackie Buckland calls the tune

. . . And to make you buy it, she'll get a disc jockey out of his bath or put a ghost chorus on the record

by PETER JACKSON

ON the last Sunday of a brief visit to Britain at Christmas, Pat Boone, an American singer, was due to make a guest appearance on the B.B.C.'s midday radio programme, *Two-Way Family Favourites*. At twelve forty, he had to begin rehearsals for a commercial television show.

But the B.B.C. programme started without any sign of Boone at Broadcasting House. Miss Jackie Buckland, exploitation manager for Boone's records in Britain, drove to his hotel and learned that he was attending morning service at a Methodist church in Camden Town.

Jackie Buckland went to the church, waited while Boone joined with the congregation in the last hymn, and then rushed him to the studio. As a record was being played from Germany, she introduced him to commère Jean Metcalfe and they briefly prepared an interview. Two minutes after Boone had introduced his own recording of "I'll Be Home," Jackie Buckland had him in a taxi on the way to the Palladium.

He arrived there for his TV rehearsals at exactly twelve forty, allowing his exploitation manager to go home and cook Sunday lunch for her musician husband, Dennis Ackerman.

"A hurried meal on top of those hectic forty minutes left me with indigestion," says Miss Buckland, "but it was worth it. *Two-Way Family Favourites* has the biggest radio audience of the week. Any record sells well after being in that show, but a personal introduction by the artist as well provides the most effective plug in the business."

Jackie Buckland earns £1,000 a year for her professional interest in *Housewives' Choice* and other record programmes. Listeners' requests measure her results as exploitation manager, or "plugger," for London Records.

"One request was rather ironic," she says. "A Surrey woman wanted to hear one of David Whitfield's most sentimental ballads to remind her of her wedding day. I had to cut short my honeymoon to help to popularize that record."

Opportunism is the common factor in the individual tactics employed by Miss Buckland and her competitors to establish new releases. One exploitation manager had singer Gary Miller wearing cowboy clothes as he rode through London on a horse to deliver advance copies of his "The Yellow Rose Of Texas." Another plugger enrolled at a dancing school after learning that one of its senior instructors was also the compère of a record show. Adopting American methods, a young newcomer to the business burst into a B.B.C. studio in the middle of a programme in an unsuccessful attempt to get Eamonn Andrews to play his company's newest record.

When the telephone rang at the Watford home of disc jockey Sam Costa one Friday evening last autumn, he was alone in the house and taking a bath. As the ringing persisted he pulled on a bathrobe and went to pick up the

receiver. Instead of a caller, he heard an orchestra as a record began to play.

"Who is that?" he asked several times, and then found himself listening with interest to the record. When it finished, the phone went dead without a word of explanation. Costa returned to his bath, humming the new tune.

Next morning he was met by Jackie Buckland, who confessed that she was responsible for the mysterious musical call and presented him with a copy of the record.

Miss Buckland finds the reaction to her activities as varied as the personalities featured in disc jockey programmes. Film star Dirk Bogarde ignored her, having his secretary stress the title of his B.B.C. show—*I Play What I Like*. But when she visited sports commentator Kenneth Wolstenholme at the beginning of his record series, he said: "I know nothing about this business. Please explain." Confidently producing a pack of her latest releases, she assured him that they would give his programme just the right variety of rhythm, lyrics and artists. "Perhaps so," said Wolstenholme after hearing them through, "but I'm afraid there's only one of these I enjoyed enough to use."

"Knowing just what the public will like is even more baffling," says Jackie Buckland. "It becomes a case of throwing everything you have in their direction in the hope that something will stick. There's hardly room for the subtle approach when you have to wage a sales campaign by loudspeaker in the middle of your customers' homes."

Early this year, Miss Buckland arranged full-scale exploitation for a record of a top American artist singing a specially commissioned song, lavishly orchestrated in the most modern style. After ten broadcasts, it was still missing from the popularity charts. By mistake, the eleventh disc jockey to play the record put it on his turntable upside down—introducing an obscure tune hastily recorded only as a backing to the big production number. When he called at Jackie Buckland's office a week later, her complaints were interrupted by the arrival of some sales statistics. They showed that the record had sold 70,000 copies from one broadcast of the "wrong" side.

The first releases of Little Richard, the diminutive coloured pianist who plays standing up, passed without notice when she introduced them to Britain a year ago. A few weeks ago, he appeared in a musical film, performing his original recording material. Without any plugging from Miss Buckland, his 1956 records jumped to the top of the 1957 Hit Parade.

"When a fresh trend is established," says Miss Buckland, "record companies' biggest headaches are keeping up with each other's gimmicks, matching—without copying—washboard for washboard, yodel for yodel, echo chamber for echo chamber."

A crooner under contract to her company recently recorded a promising song to the sole accompaniment of a guitar group. But as he left London for a variety tour in the north, he was disturbed to learn that a vocalist on another label had given the song similar instrumental treatment, but with the addition of a forceful female chorus. Jackie Buckland took the worried crooner to his train, and then arranged for a makeshift group of women singers to report at the recording studios. The record was played, and the women dubbed snatches of close harmony to go with the guitar accompaniment.

"When the two records appeared in the shops," she says, "our release with the 'ghost chorus' outsold the genuine article. It's not every crooner who is provided with a best-seller while he reclines in a Pullman to Newcastle."

THE only woman among the record industry's dozen exploitation managers, Jackie Buckland prefers personal contact and a social setting for business. Once she went to Manchester and back to spend forty minutes over lunch with a new disc jockey of the B.B.C.'s North Region.

When sheltering from heavy rain in a coffee bar with a B.B.C. record show producer, she soon noticed that one of her company's artists was the clear favourite of a large group of teenagers around the juke-box. She lingered over a cup of coffee for nearly an hour while the same record provided a continual background to her sales-talk with the producer.

"It must have had at least some subconscious effect," she says.

Jackie Buckland was born in London in 1929 and joined Decca Records in 1943 as a junior clerk. A few years later she became secretary to the exploitation department.

Salvaging the trial pressing of an American novelty record which had been scrapped as unsuitable for the British market, she persuaded a disc jockey caller to broadcast it. The record became tremendously popular overnight. It was decided to release the "scrapped" record, and several hundred thousand copies were sold. The record was Mel Blanc's "I Taut I Taw A Puddy Tat"—"and I happened to like cats," says Miss Buckland.

Shortly afterwards, she was promoted assistant exploitation manager and, in 1955, was given charge of London Records, the British outlet for a miscellany of American labels. Total sales were then about a thousand a week. Now, a single release sells up to 37,000 a day, and her company is a senior member of the Decca group.

Personal appearances of American stars provide her with valuable exploitation material. Miss Buckland helped to organize a special release of Slim Whitman's recording of "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen" to coincide with the start of his British tour this year. She welcomed him with a record made from a tape-recording flown over from New York only five days before. Eight thousand copies had been pressed for immediate sale in Britain, and radio stations all over Europe were standing by to introduce the record.

"But that's the wrong 'Kathleen,'" said Whitman when he heard the new record in his hotel suite. "That's a version I made two years ago, not the one I recorded last week in my latest style."

The special release was cancelled. Jackie Buckland took Whitman to a recording studio and introduced him to a hastily assembled group of musicians. They listened for twenty minutes to a metal-backed trial pressing of the second "Kathleen," found in Whitman's luggage. It was badly buckled and could be played only by tying a paperweight to the pick-up. Then, without any sheet music, "Kathleen" was recorded a third time.

In less than a week, Whitman's British recording was on sale, and had been broadcast several times.

Whitman provided Miss Buckland with a problem on his 1956 visit. She spent a whole day scouring London for a pair of black-and-white brogues, size eleven-and-a-half, for him to wear with the £80 rhinestone-studded cowboy suits he had bought in Savile Row.

"His pride was a little ruffled," she says, "when he was refused admittance to his hotel restaurant in the new outfit. He refused to change, so we had to dine in a snack bar off Piccadilly Circus." THE END

Record-plugging can be eye-catching . . . ballad singer Gary Miller rides through Chelsea. Or it can mean a personal visit . . . when Jackie Buckland tries to interest Jack Payne in some new records

At their home, Jackie Buckland and her husband, Dennis, have decorated a bar with covers of their favourite records

This savage, alien creature had no place on their island. And yet . . . it cried: "I am a Man"

STRANGER IN BLALLALAY

by FARLEY MOWAT

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE UPTTON

FEW who are not born there know Blallalay, for the village clings to the bleak shores of an island in the Outer Hebrides. Not many strangers come that way, but those who do remember the acrid smell of peat smoke on the wind-torn hills, the tang of the dark local ale, and the soft patter of the Gaelic tongue; and they remember the men of Blallalay, the island shepherds who gather in the long winter evenings at The Cotter's Arms.

It is the only inn in the village, and it holds the heart of Blallalay and its memories as well. Strange objects hang from the narrow ceiling beams and crowd the shelves behind the bar; but surely the strangest thing among them all is a collection of tiny animals, delicately carved from white bone.

There are narwhals, long beaked and leaping from an ivory sea; and there are walruses thrusting their tusks through the little model of a kayak. Three polar bears snarl in frozen defiance at a human figure whose upthrust arm holds a sliver of a spear; and a pack of gaunt Arctic wolves stand poised over a musk-ox.

There is an alien artistry about those carvings that never sprang from the imagination of an island shepherd—yet all were born here, and all were the work of one man. His name was Nakusiak and he came to Blallalay across three thousand miles of sea.

The odyssey of Nakusiak began on a summer day in the year 1856, under a black cliff on the eastern shores of Baffin Island. To the score of people who lived beneath the cliff the place was known as Auvektuk—the Walrus Place—but in our language it had no name, for no white man had ever looked upon it.

Each summer the men of Auvektuk readied their kayaks and harpoons and went out into the crashing tumult of the ice-filled waters, and there, on the grinding floes, they battled the great sea-beasts. And each man of Auvektuk was known by his skill in this pursuit, for on the success of the walrus hunts lay all hope of life.

Of all the hunters there was none to match the skill of the youth Nakusiak. Though he was not yet twenty years of age, he had grown mighty in the minds of his people because of his prowess with harpoon and kayak. In the winter, too, Nakusiak had his fame, for he was blessed with fingers that could translate the very stuff of life into carvings made of bone and walrus ivory.

Life was full for Nakusiak until the day when the strength of his pride betrayed him.

On that morning the waters of the strait were ominously shrouded in white mist, and the shaman, old Angeok, had ruled that it would be death to venture out into the cold sea.

The hunters heard and heeded the old man's words—all save one. The watchers on the shore saw Nakusiak's kayak slide into obscurity between the growling pans of ice, and then they turned away. There were those who knew that they would not see him again. . . .

Five days later and some two hundred miles to the south-east, the Norwegian whaler Bygland felt her way anxiously south. High on her masthead the ice-watch swung his telescope and glimpsed something on a distant floe. The Bygland swung into the wind and a boat was lowered. In a little time two seamen were hoisting the limp body of Nakusiak in their strong arms while their companions salvaged a shattered kayak that lay nearby.

Nakusiak recovered quickly from his five days adrift upon the ice, for the Norwegians were kind to him. He fought down his fears of these strange, pale-skinned men so that he could look with a free eye upon their fantastic vessel. For two days the incredible novelty blinded him to reality, and it was not until the Bygland had cleared the southern tip of Greenland that a cold desolation began to fill his soul.

Nakusiak knew that he was being carried eastwards an illimitable distance into an unknown world. He could not know that the captain intended to ship him back to Baffin Island with the next whaling fleet, and his fear blinded him to every need except that of escape.

Working feverishly, Nakusiak repaired his kayak with canvas given him by the crew; then, when the men guessed his purpose and took the kayak from him, he wept and called upon all the spirits.

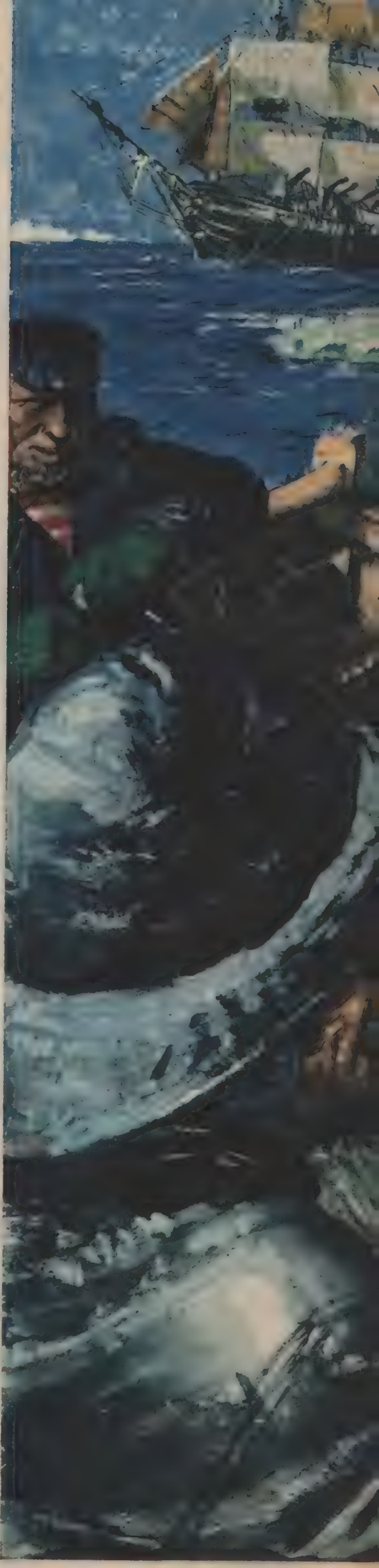
The Norwegians did what they could to make him happy. Then the terrible winds of his own land struck against him once more.

The Bygland was within a day's sail of the outer Hebrides when the ice-born gale struck her. She was a stout little ship and would have lived, had not her starboard shrouds, rotted thin by a year of Arctic storms, let go. The mainmast came crashing down out of the storm scud. The Bygland shuddered, swung broadside to the storm, and broached.

There was no time to launch the whale-boats, but there was time for a seaman to snatch out his sheath knife and slice the lashings which bound Nakusiak's kayak. Then the man thrust his knife into the Eskimo's hand, got the kayak over the rail and somehow managed to push Nakusiak into the little cockpit.

Instinct came to Nakusiak's rescue. Poised

Continued on page 31



The whaler swung towards the ice floe and a boat

was lowered. In a little time two seamen were hoisting the limp body of Nakusiak in their strong arms while their companions salvaged the shattered kayak

Chain link fencing woven from wire is loaned for the Royal Agricultural Show at a cost of £5,000. At Oxford in 1950 it took six weeks to erect it when stone was struck below ground

The other side of your fence

by DAVID MILLWOOD

It can be a deterrent to intruders, a protector of princes, or a guard on gems scattered over a desert

James McNally watches chain-link fencing being fixed in a Middlesex garden. It is widely used in parks and on railway land

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

A FEW years after the war, Lady Churchill—then Mrs. Churchill—called in James McNally because hooligans and sensation-mongers were continually breaking into the grounds of her house in Kensington, West London. They peered in windows, damaged plants and shrubs and often caused her servants to get out of bed in the middle of the night to chase them away.

After surveying the grounds, McNally, a Middlesex fencing contractor, calculated that intruders entered by climbing a seven-foot wall. His erectors installed a chain-link fence, surmounted by barbed wire, on top of the wall. "You could not call it impregnable," he says, "but it did the trick. The Churchills regained the privacy of their garden."

The Englishman's desire for privacy and seclusion, plus the need in a densely populated island to define boundaries, to prevent larceny and vandalism, confine livestock and exclude pests, make Britain the most fenced-off country in the world. "Even the most heavily populated parts of the Continent and the United States do not have so many fences and railings," says McNally, a burly, thrustful Londoner of forty-two.

His firm has an annual turnover of more than £500,000 in fencing alone, and manufactures all types, including chain link, close-boarded, chestnut paling, wire mesh and concrete panels at prices from a few shillings to £2 per lineal yard, supplied and erected.

Recent contracts include the supply and erection, for £30,000, of fences and railings at the Atomic Energy Establishment at Aldermaston in Berkshire, and another worth £20,000 at a large Ministry of Supply depot in Essex.

Railway and colliery authorities and similar public bodies are bound by law to fence their properties, but the private owner of land is not usually obliged to do so except by express agreement or as the result of habit and practice. In fact, however, many people do not feel safe unless they have wood, iron, wire or concrete surrounding their homes and gardens.

But McNally, who is often called in to devise fences that will outwit burglars and vandals, admits that no known fence will thwart a determined intruder. "The object of fencing is not to make entry impossible, but to act as a deterrent."

One of the most effective deterrents invented by the fencing industry is used to protect Buckingham Palace. It is known as *chevaux-de-frise*. It consists of a cylindrical metal bar, holding loose collars of spikes, fixed horizontally on top of a fence or railing.

In theory, anyone who climbs a fence of this kind and grasps one of the spikes is thrown backwards as the collar revolves—or is impaled on the spikes. But a gang of boys in North London found an ingenious solution to beat one *chevaux-de-frise*. They secured two of the collars to the railings beneath, stuck potatoes on the spikes to make them harmless, placed sacking over the potatoes and climbed over in comfort.

As well as matching their wits against burglars, vandals, trespassers and burrowing animals, fencing contractors also have to overcome the effects of bad weather and local conditions. "In atmospheres which have a heavy salt or sulphur content," says McNally, "we recommend plastic-covered chain-link fencing, which will not corrode. We sell a lot to steelworks and collieries, and also, in gay colours, to wealthy folk for their tennis courts."

In summer, open-air shows and exhibitions keep McNally constantly busy. Normally, he attends the site only on large-scale jobs, but once, intrigued by an urgent summons, he went to a London suburban house. "When I got there, the owner was still fuming from a row with his neighbours. He told me he wanted a fence to shut them off completely; he never wanted to see them again. I expected that he would change his mind once he cooled off, but I was wrong. He now has a sixteen-foot close-boarded fence down one side of his garden."

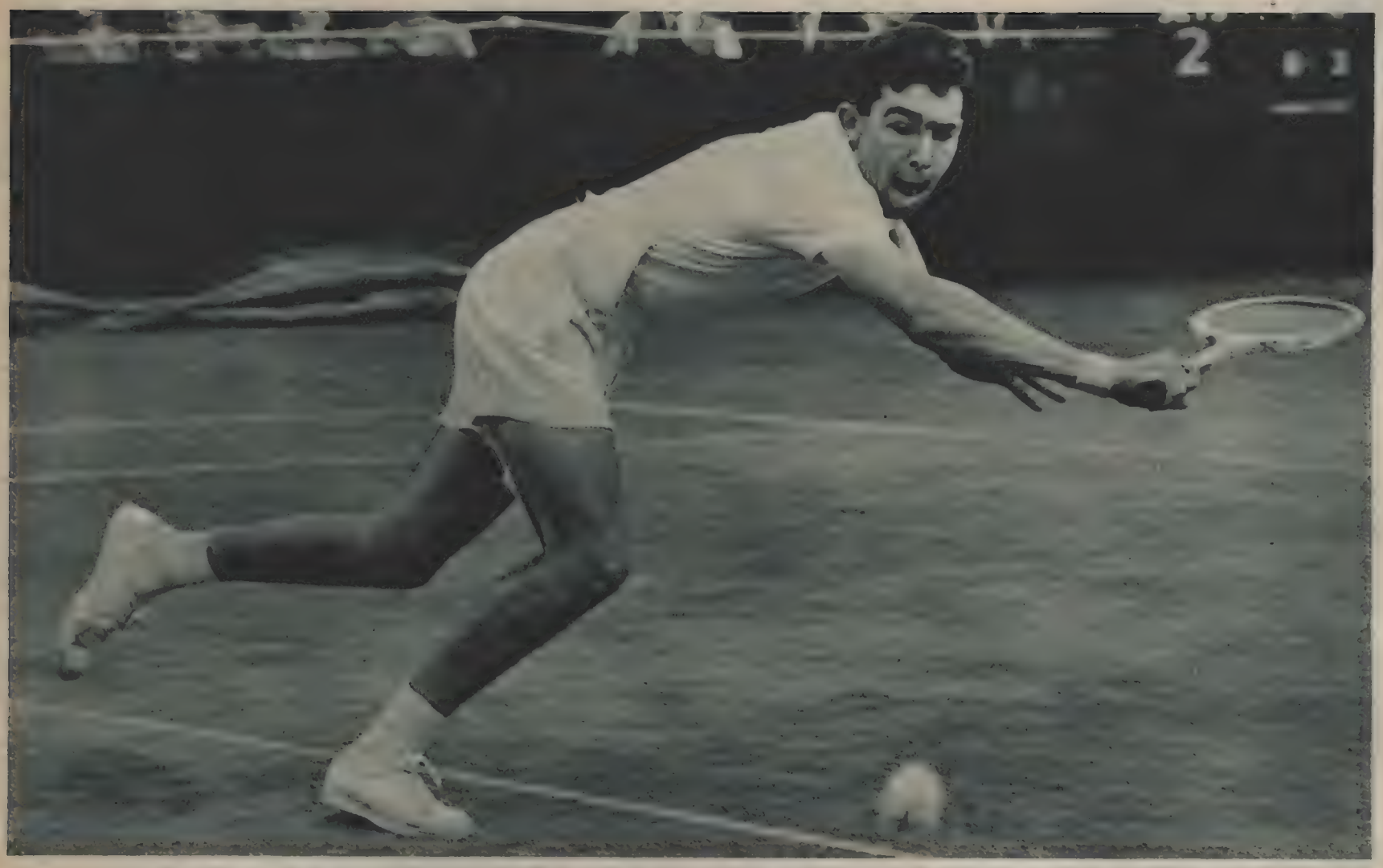
Gardeners who occasionally spend an exhausting weekend painting or repairing their fences can extend their sympathy to the men who guard and repair a fence which encloses a sixty-mile by fifteen-mile strip of the Nambib Desert at the mouth of the Orange River, in West Africa. The fence and the land within it are patrolled day and night, for millions of diamonds lie on the surface sand of the desert ready to be picked up. Withdrawals must be restricted lest the diamond market should be flooded and the world price brought down.

This fence is short compared with the world's longest, which will be the six foot high dingo-proof wire netting enclosing the main sheep areas of Queensland, Australia. To be completed this year, it will be 3,437 miles long. THE END

Michael Davies has become Britain's top tennis hope—with his brilliant game, fiery temperament and hatred of defeat. Playing against him is like being . . .

On court with a tiger

by JOHN BALLANTINE



In play, Davies is grim and determined. "If he can't beat you," says an opponent, "he looks as if he might eat you"

GREAT BRITAIN seemed near to defeat in her Davis Cup European zone quarter-final tie with France on June 10 this year. In the deciding match at the Stade Roland Garros, in Paris, Robert Haillet stood two sets to love up against Britain's Michael Davies. The British tennis player looked tired and dispirited.

A group of jubilant young Frenchmen in the top tier of the stand began chanting "Haillet! . . . Haillet!" and the 12,000 spectators took up the victory cry.

The deafening chant, coming at the most crucial stage of the match, could have broken the nerve of the young Briton. Instead, it goaded Davies into producing his best form. He won the next three sets to put Britain into the semi-final round against Belgium. "All my life I have been fighting the antagonism of crowds. The louder the French shouted, the more determined I was to win," says Davies.

A good-looking, black-haired Welshman of six feet, Davies has the trim build of a lightweight boxer. At twenty-one he is Britain's leading tennis player. In the past year he has beaten Lew Hoad, Jaroslav Drobny, Sven Davidson and Pierre Darmon and won the New Zealand singles title and, with Billy Knight, the doubles. After he came near to beating Vic Seixas, 1953 Wimbledon champion, in the U.S. Championships at Forest Hills last year, a leading American critic called him "the greatest British prospect in a generation."

This was mild praise compared with Davies's own assessment of his capabilities. "I don't want to become just Britain's best player, or even the best she's ever had, but the best tennis player there's ever been," he once said.

"Michael will never be another Tilden or Perry, but his outlook is right," says Dan Maskell, Britain's training manager. "Reach for the stars in tennis and you may win Wimbledon."

"Playing Mike is like being on court with a tiger," says Billy Knight, who loves deflating Davies's ego. "If he can't beat you, he looks as if he might eat you."

Davies plans to win the men's singles at Wimbledon and to put Britain's name on the Davis Cup for the first time since Fred Perry helped to win it in 1936.

Davies sometimes crashes through the garden-party atmosphere of English tournaments like an angry bull, to the alarm of the Lawn Tennis Association and his friends. People who don't know him well are often shocked by what seems the surly behaviour of a sulky boy.

In the 1952 Welsh lawn tennis championships at Newport, Monmouthshire, when Davies was only sixteen, he played the seeded Indian, Vishnu Mohan, before a large gallery. Mohan, finding himself hard pressed by the eager youngster, "stalled" by taking his time and slowly retrieving every ball from the stop-netting. Davies retaliated by calling out such remarks as: "You sure you've got time to play this match?" Turning to the crowd, he called: "He's getting old. He mustn't strain himself."

At Shirley Park in 1953, Davies lost badly to Eric Filby, the English international, and stormed off to the dressing-room, while Filby bought the customary drinks. Five minutes later, after having cooled down, Davies walked into the bar, drained his glass of orange juice and went out again without speaking.

He refuses to fraternize with opponents before or during a match and says: "Why should I encourage them to play better by pretending to be a jolly good chap?"

Official recognition as Britain's No. 1 player has mellowed Davies in recent months by giving him a feeling of security. "I can always make a good living by coaching now," he says.

He is learning to control his temperamental outbursts which, he says, are "bad for me and for my game."

Although he ridicules the portrait often

painted of him as a "tennis tramp," Davies has known hard times.

In his first full season of British tournaments in 1954 his father, a biscuit salesman, could allow him only £2 a week. This barely covered his entry fees and he had to hitch-hike everywhere.

Late one night a lorry driver put him down in a small town in the North Riding. "I'd no money for a hotel room and it was raining so hard I couldn't even sit down," Davies recalls. "I stood dozing in a shop doorway for several hours until it was light enough to get back on the road."

At eighteen he had been to Australia twice on his own. His first trip, in the winter of 1952-53, was sponsored by a Cardiff businessman. One night Davies and an Australian friend, Barry Smith, found themselves stranded on Albury Station, between Sydney and Melbourne. They slept there, waiting for an early-morning train.

At five o'clock they got their rackets and tennis balls "and knocked up on the platform to get warm and pass the time."

A month later Davies sold his first-class return air ticket and bought two tourist-class liner berths so that Smith, too, could go to England.

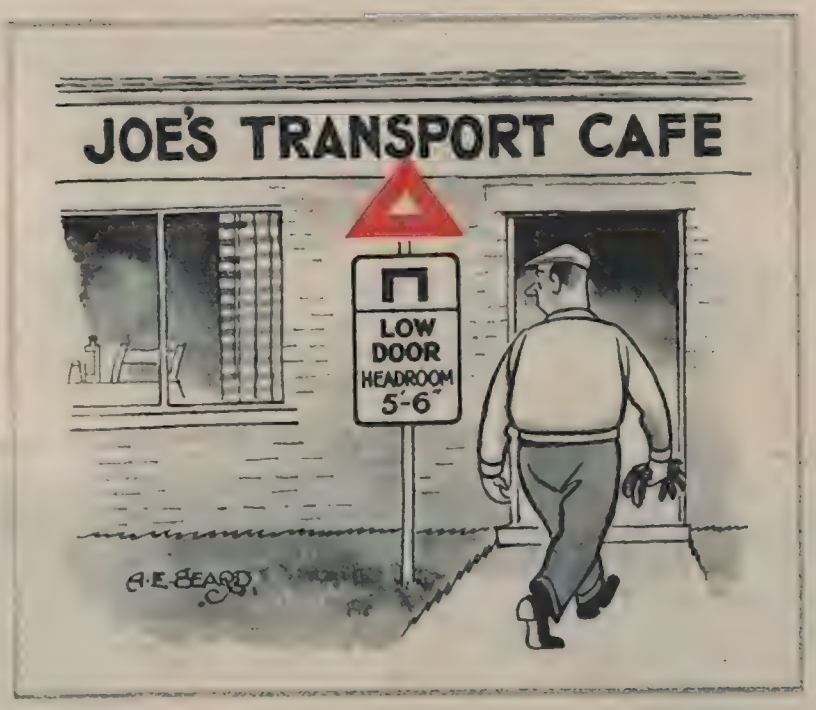
Travelling the world has given Davies a new-found sense of responsibility. In 1954 he won the Bedford tournament, beating David Samaai, a coloured South African schoolteacher, in the final. In March this year Davies was playing an exhibition at a Cape-town club when he saw Samaai sitting in the section of the stand reserved for coloured people. Davies went straight over to greet him.

When Samaai explained that he was losing form because he could not practise with white players, Davies arranged to play in a friendly match the following day at Samaai's coloured school in Paarl, thirty-five miles outside Capetown. When he arrived, Davies found the headmaster, his staff and five hundred children sitting round the court. The school had been given a holiday in his honour.

Davies regards a tennis match as a job of work. His "tools" are quick reflexes, extreme fleetness of foot and fluent strokes. His racket is "lightweight and one inch short because I like it to feel a part of my hand and arm."

He has a gift for impersonation and often amuses his friends with mimes of famous stars playing their favourite shots.

When Fred Perry gave an exhibition in Swansea in 1951, Davies closely studied the celebrated forehand. Later



he went on to the same court to play another junior and hit thirty or forty perfect Perry forehands.

Davies's ability to imitate makes him able to adapt his game to different conditions or opponents. In the first match of a recent Davis Cup tie against New Zealand, at Eastbourne, he played Jeff Robson, the leading New Zealand player.

A gale moved the ball about awkwardly and affected Davies's play in the first set, which he lost. "I began picturing Lew Hoad's short backswing and tried to copy it to counteract the wind," he says. He won the next three sets comfortably.

In a game where toughness of character counts in crises, Davies can call upon considerable experience of being in tight corners. In the Philippines in 1954, he accompanied an American basketball team to all its matches. At Baguio he knocked out a Japanese who attacked an American player.

At Manila, when a fight broke out between the Americans and a Filipino team after a hotly disputed match, players of both sides pulled out knives.

"For Pete's sake, cut it out. I haven't even got a knife," pleaded Davies.

"Here take this," replied a friend, thrusting a sharpened-up bayonet into his hand. Fortunately, police intervened before anyone got seriously hurt.

Michael Grenfell Davies was born at Swansea on January 9, 1936. When he first went to Dynevor Grammar School he boxed and played rugby and soccer.

"Tennis was regarded as a sissy's game," he says.

At the age of twelve, Michael returned from visiting relatives in Llanelly to find that his elder brother Leigh had won a tennis tournament and was a local hero. Immediately Michael borrowed a racket ("from my Aunt Alice"). The first ball he hit went over three courts.

After winning the under-sixteen Welsh singles and doubles titles in 1948, 1949 and 1950, Davies went to an L.T.A. school at Bristol. He was soon being called to demonstrate the "American twist" service to Billy Knight and Bob Wilson, his classmates. "I'd never even heard of the 'twist' but I'd copied the spin serve from Wimbledon players," says Davies.

Leigh won the Welsh junior tennis championship and did his National Service with the R.A.F. in the Middle East. "I played regularly over there and thought I was no end of a player," he recalls. "When I returned home at eight one morning, Mike thrust a tennis racket into my hand, took me down to the courts, and gave me the thrashing of my life. I gave up the game seriously from that moment."

Since then Leigh has devoted himself to his brother's career. He was one of the organizers of a fund in Wales in 1953 that raised £350 to send Davies to Australia for experience.

When they went to London in 1954, the brothers shared a room with Ian Eddington, an R.A.F. friend of Leigh. When other friends arrived, there were often seven boys sleeping there, two in the bed and five on the floor. "We lived on bread and marmalade," says Eddington. "It wasn't much good for Mike's tennis."

According to those who know him best, Davies's tough attitude is a mask for shyness. When his father Glyn returned home after five years' service with the R.A.F. in Egypt, Leigh rushed downstairs to greet him. Michael locked himself in his room for two hours, then met his father in great embarrassment.

"I still feel embarrassed when people are awkward with me. I have to act over it," he says.

Despite his enthusiasm for training, Davies is no Spartan. He has an occasional beer and smokes about ten cigarettes a day. He finds that the finest relaxation after a hard match is to wallow in a hot bath and sip a dry Martini. He likes singing—he has a voice "somewhere between Sinatra and Mel Torme," according to Knight—and driving his £1,000 sports car.

When on tour, Davies lives in luxury hotels at the expense of tournament committees but is often short of hard cash. He gets 25s. out-of-pocket expenses a day. This soon goes on clothes, tips and drinks for opponents.

He is under contract as a travelling representative with a London sportswear firm. He also works for a Hampstead company which has patented an automatic machine for the maintenance and watering of hard courts. Davies takes his business future seriously. On one weekend recently he sat down and signed six thousand letters explaining the machine to tennis clubs and schools.

Davies's tennis tantrums have brought him abuse, but he takes praise and blame with equal imperturbability. On the eve of the Davis Cup match against New Zealand he received a poison pen letter written in the most virulent terms. Coming immediately before his first international appearance as Britain's No. 1, it might have shaken his morale severely. Instead it stung him into winning.

"I can't pretend to enjoy losing," Davies says. "If I learn to be a good loser I might get into the losing habit."

THE END

Close of play

Continued from page 15

middle finger. The fingers moved like pieces of soggy wool.

"It was gone," he said, grimacing at Barton. "Gone like that."

"It could happen in any job."

"I know. But before, I had a place in life. I don't feel that I can fit in anywhere any more. Not here, anyway."

Barton said reflectively: "That means you're fighting your trouble. Why not come to terms with it?"

Keith said: "Are there any other questions?"

"Sorry," Barton said. "I didn't mean to intrude myself. But—yes. I have another question. The accident is some months behind you now. Can you tell me about it?"

"There's nothing much to tell."

Keith put his hands behind his head, and leaned back, looking at the ceiling. . . .

The season was over. He was driving down the Great North Road in the new sports car that he was so proud of.

The whole thing was finished and done with in two seconds. A motor-cycle combination, ancient and dilapidated, wobbled unheralded out of a side turning.

Then his car skidded past it, off the road, turning over with an apparent slowness that was terrifying. He could remember seeing the sky above him, with a mass of metal bearing down on him, obscuring it. Luckily, he couldn't remember anything after that.

They told him afterwards that he had missed the couple on the combination; that, by a miracle, they were unhurt. . . .

He said to Barton: "I skidded and went off the road. That's all."

"Do you know what your injuries were, exactly?"

"Oh, dear. There was quite a list; severe concussion, broken ribs, compound fractures to the left arm and wrist. I'm supposed to keep in close touch with a doctor for a while."

Barton stood up. "I'm sorry to have bothered you today. I'd like to wish you good luck."

Barton said: "You're not serious about leaving the country?"

"As soon as I've sold the shop, I'm away. And I never want to hear the word cricket again. That's the way I feel at the moment."

"Would you like to know what a critic thought of your cricket?" Barton asked, his face puckered in a friendly smile.

"If you like."

"You've read a lot of praise. On the debit side, I thought you played cricket too much as an individual and not enough as a member of a team."

"If I did well," Keith said matter-of-factly, "the team usually won. What's the difference?"

Barton grinned. "There can be a difference." At the door he turned and added: "Still, I'd give ten years of my life to have played that innings of 187 of yours last year. . . ."

There was nothing in the flat that belonged to Keith. He went downstairs, picked up his suitcase, and took a cab to the station.

He had only been back to Purbridge once since he was sixteen, and that was when his father died. But it hadn't changed.

The shop of James Thomas was halfway along the street. James Thomas had been his grandfather. The name had never been changed.

He pushed the shop door open, and went in. A bell rang. The door through to the living-room opened. A girl came in and said: "Can I help you?"

Keith looked at the round, pleasing face, the dark hair, the blue, friendly eyes. Then she came round the counter and said: "Why, it's Keith."

He heard her soft voice as through a pad of gauze, and struggled to throw off the dusk that suddenly bent over him. He said: "I thought Mr. Drew was looking after the shop."

"I'm Mary Drew. We were at school. . . ." She stopped, and looked at him closely. "Are you all right?" she asked, concerned.

"I feel a bit tired," Keith admitted.

She took his arm, led him into the living-room, set him in a deep armchair, and bustled round, clinking cups and saucers. Keith closed his eyes gratefully, her voice coming through to him in snatches. "It's that long walk from the station," she said. "You'll soon feel better. . . . A cup of tea."

Even the tea tasted of his boyhood, brown and strong and bracing. He smiled at her and said: "Were we really at school together?"

"Only for a year when we came to live here. Then you left. I used to come and watch the cricket matches."

He had it then. He remembered a shy little thing, sitting silently, watching with wide eyes.

He said: "You had a fringe."

She was clearing the tea things away, and when she came back in, she had her coat on. "I'm going to lock the shop up now. I'll bring some supper over later." She looked at him seriously. "You're to go to bed early mind. . . ."

In the morning he felt so much better that he hardly recognized himself. Washed and shaved, he went downstairs and into the shop. Mary was just bolting the front door. She

LAUGHTER—1

Laughing is the sensation of feeling good all over, and showing it principally in one spot.

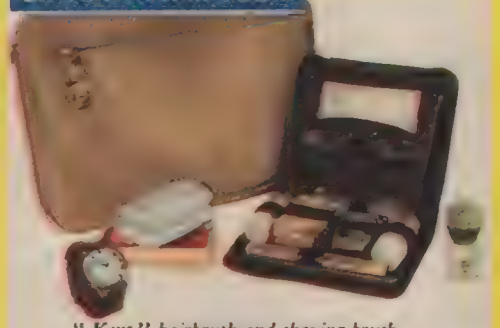
Josh Billings

Free gifts WITH Kensitas

Table linen by Robinson & Cleaver, Smiths 8-day clock, Viceroy Plate carving set and Spode 'Olympus' tea set — all these and many other superb gifts are free with Kensitas! See them all in the FREE Kensitas Gift Book — send for it now!

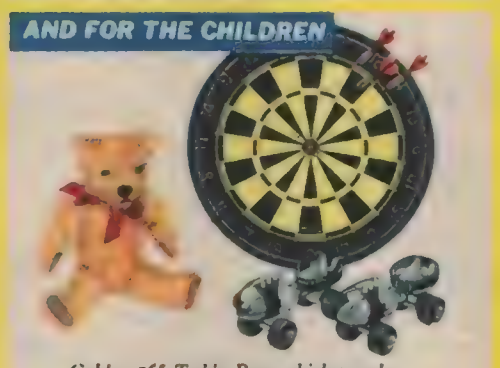
You'll be happy with Kensitas — they're top quality tobacco and thoroughly satisfying. And with Kensitas you get the most wonderful gifts — absolutely free! You'll find five certificates in every pack of 20, and two in every 10. Start saving them today and enjoy the best cigarettes *plus* the finest gifts!

GIFTS FOR HIM TOO...



"Kent" hairbrush and shaving brush
Document case with two zip pockets
Gold watch, Swiss made, from Garrard & Co.
Fully-fitted, leather dressing case

AND FOR THE CHILDREN



Golden 16" Teddy Bear which growls
Dart board, double sided, Club quality
Turned brass darts, plastic flights
Ball-bearing roller skates of pressed steel

FREE GIFT BOOK
send this coupon NOW!

Send today for the fully-illustrated Kensitas Gift Book, to:
J. Wix & Sons Ltd., P.O. Box 180, 238 Old Street, London, E.C.1.

NAME *(Block capitals please)* .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN ..... COUNTY .....

This scheme does not apply to the Channel Islands J.B.4

Smoke Kensitas

EXTRA SIZE

The manufacturers of KENSITAS Cigarettes guarantee that, in offering you free gifts, the high quality of their tobacco remains unchanged. KENSITAS Extra Size are made from the finest tobacco money can buy.

TWO GREAT NEW STORIES

THE BRIDE PRICE

by Brian Cleeve

by John Salt

PASSAGE FROM TRINIDAD

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

smiled at him. "Good morning. You're just in time for lunch."

"Lunch! Good heavens, how long was I asleep?"

"You feel better, don't you?"

"Back to normal."

Mary began to lay plates. "Dr. Matthews came over. He'd heard from the hospital. He said, would you go over to his surgery at seven o'clock this evening?"

Keith nodded. They ate together quietly. After he had helped Mary to clear away, she said: "There's still half an hour before I usually open again. I'll show you the shop."

Despite the low ceiling, and the lack of space, everything was neat and tidy. Mary said: "It's a good little shop. Your father was well liked. I've tried to keep it together."

"You've done wonders. I'm very grateful."

"Taylor, the accountant in Silbury, has all the books. Everything's paid up to date, and there's quite a bit put by. I'm afraid you'll need some of it, though. The roof wants seeing to, and you'll need some new fixtures. These counters have about had their day."

Keith stood silent. He looked at the slim figure, girlish in a spotless white coat. She had done so much for him and never thought twice about it.

"Anyway," Mary said, "you needn't worry about it for a month or two. I expect you'll want to know all about the shop. I'll show you where we keep the stock."

"It doesn't matter. I'm going to sell the shop," Keith said uneasily.

Mary pushed back her hair. A small frown cut into her white forehead.

Keith moved his left hand forward, showing it to her. "I don't think I can stand England any more after this. It stifles me." It sounded unconvincing.

Mary said: "This shop has been in your family a long time. I could run it for a bit longer. Think it over."

Keith gestured helplessly. He looked across the street. "I think I'll go out for a while."

He just wanted to get away from her cool, blue eyes. He didn't really know where to go. He thought with a touch of resentment, why do I have to explain, justify myself?

The Coachman's Arms and the Red Lion, cool and shady, offered themselves side by side. He chose the Red Lion.

He leaned on the bar counter. Next to him someone bit off a piece of ham roll and said: "Ah, my patient."

Keith turned and saw a man with handsome features and greying hair. He said: "Dr. Matthews. I remember you. Can I buy you a drink?"

"No, thanks. I'm having a snack instead of lunch today, but I must be off in a minute."

Keith smiled and ordered a half of ale. "You're Andrew Thomas's son, aren't you?" asked the landlord.

Keith nodded, and sipped his beer.

The landlord set his elbows on the bar, and squinted up from under bushy eyebrows. "You weren't born when Andrew played in that trial game for Gloucestershire," he said. "My word, he was a batsman! Scored forty-eight that day, I remember. Lovely innings, it was. He could have played for the county, you know, but he reckoned it would have interfered with the shop. Just as well for us, though. Don't know what the village team would have done without him."

Keith said: "He taught me a lot."

"Let's see," the landlord said, "you played some cricket, didn't you?"

"Quite a lot," said Keith.

The landlord wiped the bar with a mechanical movement. "Ah," he said as he moved away, "but you didn't play for Gloucestershire, did you?"

"There," said Matthews in admiration, "speaks a true descendant of the great Doctor W. G. Grace. This may be tactless, by the way, but it's my job to be tactless. Are you going to miss your cricket?"

Keith tried to explain. Matthews listened, nodding.

"Is a new country really going to help?" he asked.

"As I see it, it ought to be easier to adjust in a new setting."

"Maybe." Matthews brushed some crumbs from his jacket. "How do you like Mary?" he asked suddenly.

Like Mary? He hadn't thought of it before. She was just there.

"She seems very nice," he said.

"Fine girl." Matthews looked round. "Where's my bag? Oh, in the car. Well, I'll see you at seven tonight."

The afternoon was warm, and Keith sauntered slowly out of the village towards the river. At the old water mill he stopped and leaned over the parapet of the bridge, watching the clear water rush and tumble. Downstream, across the fields, was where he used to swim when he was a boy. Ten years dropped away, and he heard the splash of the river as they dived in.

At seven o'clock he stripped for Dr. Matthews. Afterwards, while he was dressing, Matthews said: "You've come through it pretty well, but I shall want to keep in touch." He scribbled on a pad and looked up. "I expect you're busy this evening."

"No. Why?"

"Good. I'd like you to come with me."

Matthews took off his white coat. Underneath, he was wearing a white open-necked shirt and grey slacks.

"I'd like to. Where?"

Fumbling beneath the couch, Matthews produced a pair of cricket boots. "Up to the Green."

Instinctively Keith shied away from that. He said: "No, I don't. . . ."

Matthews took him by the arm, and pushed him through the door. "Nonsense. I want *your* advice now."

The big wooden gates of the Green were open. It was a pleasant little cricket ground, flanked with trees, with wooden benches dotted round. A tiny wooden pavilion stood in one corner. They walked in silence to the net, where a few white-flannelled figures were bowling.

Keith said stiffly: "What did you want my advice about?"

"It's young Larry." Matthews finished lacing his boots, and picked up a cricket ball. "All right, Larry," he called. "Let's have a go."

A tall, slim youngster took up an easy, relaxed left-hander's stance at the crease. Matthews measured out his run, turned, and, with an odd skipping run, bowled some remarkably accurate balls on the leg and middle stumps.

Keith soon saw what was happening. Dr. Matthews was deliberately bowling yorkers, pitched right up to the crease, and the youngster just wasn't coping. His strokes were hurried. He turned the first, snicked the next two, and the fourth sped under his bat and took the leg stump out of the ground.

Matthews turned to Keith. "What do you make of it? He's a promising young bat with a lovely style, but that one always has him in trouble."

"Well," Keith said, "his back lift is a bit high, but that isn't the real trouble. He's using too much left hand in lifting the bat. That brings it up crooked. It doesn't swing in a straight line, and he's going across the ball. He should use his right hand to bring the bat up. Then it will come down straight."

Matthews looked puzzled. "You're left-handed too. Perhaps you should show us," he suggested.

"Don't be silly. You know I've no grip now in my left hand."

"You've just said that it was the right hand you use in this."

"Yes, but. . . ." The smell of the grass was sweet in his nostrils, and the ground was firm and springy. Keith picked up a bat, and started walking down the pitch. "All right," he said.

"Whoa," said Matthews, dashing after him. "Put the pads and gloves on. We'll do it properly."

A tremor of excitement ran through Keith as the big pads were buckled on his legs. He took up his stance at the crease. "Take it easy," he called.

Matthews grinned diabolically. "Rubbish. You ought to be able to deal with trundlers like us with no hands."

In this Dr. Matthews was less than just to himself. Keith had played worse bowling in county matches, and it took him all his time, with the restricted movements available to him, to keep the ball out of his wicket.

Then the others joined in, and for the next twenty minutes Keith joyfully strove to use his knowledge and experience to compensate for his deficiency.

"Now we can boast about the time we bowled to Keith Thomas."

Keith hardly seemed to be listening. "You know," he said thoughtfully, swinging the bat in a sideways direction, "if I toughened up my right wrist a bit, I might even be able to manage a pull and a cut. It would be a little limited, of course, but still. . . ."

Matthews said: "I'll give you some exercises, if you like."

"Thanks."

On the way back people nodded and said: "Good evening, doctor. Good evening, Keith."

Keith said: "You'd think I'd never been away."

Dr. Matthews said: "You're a Purbridge man. They're glad to see you." And a little later he remarked casually: "There's a match on Saturday. Would you consider turning out for us?"

Keith said: "No thanks."

"I know it's not quite the standard you're used to, but. . . ."

"It was good to hold a bat again, and I appreciate your ingenious little trick."

"Oh, come now. . . ."

"But the fact is, I'm not good enough for the village team. Not at the moment."

"You managed all right in the net."

"Yes, I managed. But in a match even a club bowler would soon discover that all he had to do was to bowl short of a length and then I couldn't do a thing."

Keith glanced quickly at the doctor. "You give me those exercises," he said. "When I'm good enough to justify a place, you can consider me again. Just now I should be a dead weight in the team."

"All right."

Keith said: "If you need a scorer on Saturday, though. . . ."

Matthews laughed. "We always need a scorer. Good man. . . ."

Keith was surprised to find Mary still at the shop.

She said: "I just had to wait for you."

Keith grinned at her. "I'm glad you did."

She had taken off her white coat now, and the plain print dress that she wore showed the fullness of her young body. She was beautiful, Keith suddenly realized.

"I've been so worried, thinking about what you said," Mary went on.

"Perhaps," Keith said, "you would tell me about running the shop."

Mary stared at him, her eyes bright. "You mean you're staying?"

"I think so."

"I'll show you now," she said eagerly.

"I didn't mean in the shop exactly." Smiling, he looked at her. "We could go to the old mill, and walk along the river. You could tell me all about it there."

Mary went a little pink, and she smiled. "I think you've forgotten what Purbridge is like. When a man and a girl walk along the river here, everyone thinks that they're. . . ."

"I remember," Keith said. "All the same, will you come with me?"

She stepped ahead of him to the door. "Yes," she said softly.

Outside, Keith said, as they began to walk towards the old mill: "I didn't tell you. If I practise hard, I think I shall be able to get into the village cricket team." THE END

LEAVES FROM

Starke's

HOLIDAY GUIDE BOOK

"In some countries it is illegal to export antiques and works of art without an official permit"

I refused to die

Continued from page 13

followed the noise of stamping and the rattle of weapons as the putteed legs moved closer until they almost shut out the light. Dust floated down as the soldiers marched away.

Was a firing squad coming down to collect me? Or were the Japs going to torture me to try to make me talk about the Chindits?

The priest opened the door and I turned to face what I was sure would be a deputation of Japs. But the priest stood aside to allow a dark-skinned man to enter. He was dressed in a white *lungyi*—an ankle-length skirt-like garment worn by Burmese men and women—and a white shirt. His hair was straight, cut in European style.

This newcomer addressed me in a language which I could not understand. I shook my head to make it clear that I was determined not to be co-operative.

To my astonishment he then said in Gurkhali, the language of my Gurkha troops: "I am the Thugyi—the village headman, sahib. I thought perhaps you might understand Kachin. I am delighted that you are better. You must be hungry."

I was among friends. Overcome with relief, it was all I could do to resist throwing my arms round him.

He beckoned to a native in the doorway who put a basket beside me. Inside it was a metal plate piled with rice and curried chicken. Kneading the rice into balls with my fingers, I dipped it into the curry and ate greedily. Meanwhile, the Thugyi sat on the end of my bed.

"The men you met on the mountain were not Japanese soldiers, but charcoal burners," he said. "They were as scared as you. Your bullets only just missed them."

They had fled into the jungle, but ventured out again when they saw me sprawled face-down on the track. Thinking I was a Jap, they prepared to finish me off with their axes. Luckily, they recognized my uniform.

Although it would have been much easier and safer for them to have handed me over to the Japs and claimed a reward, they picked me up and carried me to the Thugyi's village.

The Thugyi explained that his villagers had stripped and washed me and put me to bed in the cellar, which was below a pagoda.

"But why were Japs outside the window?" I asked.

"A patrol arrived looking for stragglers from your column. They spent the night here. What you saw was the foot drill their officer gave them before they moved off."

When I had finished my meal, he called: "Bring the sahib his clothes."

The native who had brought the food stepped forward again, this time with my slacks and shirt. It was hard to believe they were mine. They had been cleaned, mended and pressed so neatly that they looked almost new.

As I dressed and buckled on my revolver belt my companions stood grinning at me. To them, my presence was a huge joke—against the Japanese. "Now come and see our village," invited the Thugyi. "The Japs will not return without us first having good warning."

STIFFLY, but needing no aid other than my crutch, I climbed some steps and emerged into the brightness of the day outside. I stood between two enormous stone Chinthes—fierce, mythical beasts, supposed to keep evil spirits out of the jungle, from which Brigadier Wingate had derived the name Chindits. They flanked the entrance to the pagoda.

In front of me, at the top of a long valley, lay the village, surrounded by a high pallisade, the main gateway of which was guarded by another pair of Chinthes, carved in wood. Smoke curled up from the brown wooden houses. The scene was one of perfect peace.

"We rank as one of the most important communities in the Shan states," said the Thugyi. "We came from India. I once served in the Indian Army."

For the next week I slept in the pagoda cellar for safety and spent every day on the Thugyi's veranda, stretched out luxuriously on a thick woollen rug.

Below me, the villagers went about their work. In twos and threes they tended the rice which grew on terraces cut into the sides of the valley, or disappeared on hunting trips.

The women, who busied themselves at the well, ostensibly to collect water but in reality to chat, wore *lungyis*, secured above their breasts. Their hair, which was long, black and wavy, reached to their shoulders and was decorated by orchids fixed right on top like hats, or above one ear.

My food arrived regularly. I had a main meal of curry at sundown. Breakfast was in Chinese style and consisted of a cup of hot water. Melons and other fruits were served at intervals during the day. Cups of tea, steaming hot and a delicate shade of green, appeared in quick succession.

As I lay there, dozing mostly, I felt drawn into the peace of this Shangri-la. A voice inside me whispered that if I stayed I would not only be safe until the war ended, but also might attain the quiet simplicity of the villagers. It was a feeling of peace which I have not experienced before or since; something the western way of life will never capture.

During my waking hours I received visitors, all of whom had been vetted by the Thugyi.

Soon I was surrounded by fruit, flowers, cooked meals in brass bowls, raw rice and little plates of river fish. One of the Thugyi's innumerable nephews even brought me a freshly killed deer and laid it beside me, while another gave me two long spears and a rawhide shield. No word was spoken, but the last gifts were obviously an invitation to join the tribe. It was an offer I found difficult to resist.

At the end of the week I was well enough to be up and about.

Then three afternoons later my dream-world was shattered. The Thugyi and I were sitting on the veranda drinking rice beer when a sentry on a watch tower above the pallisade shouted that someone was approaching.

Men, women, children and dogs immediately ran towards the main gate.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"A messenger from the north," said the Thugyi.

We stood up as a young Burmese, looking cool despite the sun, trotted through the crowd towards us. He halted in front of the Thugyi and delivered his message in guttural Kachin. When he had finished, the Thugyi faced me gravely.

"Your comrades have had a battle while trying to cross the Shweli river," he said. "Many of them, including an officer, have been killed."

The survivors had been beaten away from the river and had now turned south, intending to get out of Burma by going three hundred miles back through the jungle to India. The Japanese hoped to drive them into the Irrawaddy plain, where they would be an easier target, and for this purpose had alerted all their men. A large force was due to arrive at the village shortly and would use it as a base while patrolling nearby tracks.

"What will you do now, sahib?" the Thugyi asked.

"Go through the jungle to India like the rest of my column," I said.

The Japs were not expected to reach the village until sundown, so if I left at once I would have several hours' start. According to the messenger's report, the column was somewhere a few miles north of Mong Mit, presumably heading for the Irrawaddy. Maybe, if I struck north-west, I would cross its route and link up.

"You still cannot walk properly," said the Thugyi. "Why not stay with us? We can hide you very easily—as we did when the Japs were here last."

Never have I faced a greater temptation. But quite apart from my duty as a soldier, I knew that to stay would be wrong. It would put the whole village in danger.

I decided to leave before my resolution weakened. I buckled on my revolver belt and slung over my shoulder my small pack, which had been filled with food. I reckoned that two days' supply would last until I found the column.

Limping, and using a walking stick which one of the natives had cut for me—I had graduated from the crutch to a stick during my convalescence—I moved off towards the main gate. Beside me walked a guide to ensure a safe start to my journey.

Everybody in the village was there to wish goodbye. They formed a double line through which I made my way, and many of them called out invitations to return to see them when the Japanese had been defeated.

At the gate, the Thugyi said: "A few more days and your leg will be well. You will not even need the stick."

Then he added: "If you don't meet your friends, come back. We will look after you. . . ."

My guide was typical of the sturdy hillmen of the district. He wore a coat, like a battledress jacket, over his shirt, and on his head was a flat coolie hat.

For the first few hours he pressed on vigorously, intent on putting a good distance between us and the Japs. With remarkable skill he followed game trails which, to my European eyes, were almost invisible. I had little pain from my leg.

In the evening we reached the motor road leading to Mong Mit, near the spot where the Jap officer had nearly seen me. We were close to the battlefield on which I had been wounded and where some of my friends had been killed, yet I slept soundly.

Before dawn we were on our way. When the sun had reached its zenith we were deep in the jungle again. In the green half-light we stopped and cooked a meal over a bamboo fire. Such was the confidence of my guide that he did not think the Japs would see the smoke.

We fell asleep, to let the day burn itself out before we set off again. The shadows above us were deepening to black when the guide awakened me. This time the going was much more difficult. It was dark. Until the moon rose, I stumbled along, knocking my leg against roots and rocks. Creepers twisted round me and I had to keep on halting to struggle free.

As I panted up a rise my companion, who was a few feet ahead, stiffened. He was peering fixedly into the valley beyond. With a hiss he motioned me to be quiet. I moved up beside him.

"Listen, sahib," he whispered.

The jungle was silent. "I hear nothing," I said.

"That is what I mean. Nothing heard means that something is killing."

He had hardly finished speaking before a roar announced the start of a tiger hunt. Within minutes the valley became turmoil. Roars and snarls told us that a pack of tigers was on the move, and had cornered a herd of deer. The slaughter was at its height.

"Perhaps we had better have some sleep now," grinned the guide.

I agreed, and was heartily glad of his company.

Next day, while the sun was still trying to break through the morning mist, we set off again. The guide showed me an easy way down the mountain through jungle so thin that it was almost like English woodland. This in turn led on to a huge sandy plain, thirty miles wide, covered with elephant grass. The guide assured me that, from the information which had come into the village, this was the direction in which my column was trying to escape.

We rested until the midday heat had subsided and set off northwards, walking along the fringe between the jungle and the grass. We were constantly alert for signs of the column, but went until nightfall without seeing one.

Feeling very disheartened, and wondering if we had missed the column because it was still in the jungle, we bedded down for the night in a little hollow hidden by bamboo and thick undergrowth. The next morning we pressed on with increased urgency and ignored the sun. My spirits dwindled as the pain in my wound began to nag. My limp became more pronounced and I had to lean heavily on my stick.

It was about noon when the guide ran forward with a cry. He dropped to his knees to study marks on the ground. In great excitement I joined him. Despite efforts which had been made to cover it up, a track had been cut through the grass. Still closer investigation showed imprints of British boots.

"It's the column!" I shouted.

But the guide shook his head. The edges of the footprints were dry and

"We had a much stronger cup at Lord Leverdale's."

LAUGHTER—2

He is not laughed at that laughs at himself first.

Proverb

crumbling; some had been obliterated by animal tracks.

"This trail's about three weeks old," he said.

I did not want to believe him, but knew that with his skill at junglecraft he was right. I assumed—and later events proved me correct—that the trail had been made by another Chindit column which had managed to make an earlier start on the way to India.

We tramped on through the afternoon. Then suddenly we found what we sought. Again we saw imprints. The earth had been pounded by dozens of feet crossing out of the jungle into the grass. This time there could be no doubt. It was the trail left by my column.

"They were made at midday," said the guide.

The length of the strides taken, and the impatience with which the grass had been slashed, showed that the column was moving fast. It was heading for Tagaung, a village we had passed through on our way into Burma at the start of the expedition.

I knew that I would have to rejoin the column before it crossed the Irrawaddy, which at that point was a mile wide and fast flowing. Soon the river would be swelled by the monsoon. I had no chance of crossing it alone.

The task I had set myself was formidable, but at last I had a definite objective again. Full of enthusiasm, I turned to the guide. This was as far as he had undertaken to accompany me. I rewarded and thanked him, but he seemed reluctant to go.

"Everything will be all right," I said.

Leaving him hesitating on the edge of the jungle, I limped off along the trail through the grass.

Alone for the first time since I had attempted to walk to China, I tried to ignore the possibility that I might never catch up with the column. I concentrated my thoughts on the reunion there would be with Kulbahadur, my Gurkha orderly, and with Lieutenant Arthur Best and my other friends.

But my strength weakened and my progress slowed. When I settled down beside the trail for the night I was desperately tired. I slept until dawn to prepare for the efforts ahead.

Never had I faced a more difficult march. In front of me stretched one of the driest plains in Burma. It was thirty miles wide. And from the hot sandy soil grew a thick forest of elephant grass, six feet high.

Soon after starting the march my wound began to ache terribly. I stumbled on, my strength ebbing. I had to lean heavily on my stick.

I surprised a herd of small deer which presumably had come out of the nearby jungle into the grass to look for water. At the sight of me they turned and bounded off in alarm. I thought vaguely of killing one and drying its meat on a rock, but the herd had gone before I had made up my mind what to do.

The only food I had left was a few handfuls of rice in my pack. Luckily, I came across a bush-like tree on which grew small fruit about the size of table-tennis balls. Each contained a stone and tasted extremely bitter, but this was an advantage under such conditions of fierce heat. During the rest of the day I discovered more of these trees, and whenever possible picked the fruit so that I had a store of them.

As the sun started to go down, and the glare became less, I was able to focus my eyes a little better. Thus I surprised a hare which was lying panting, and apparently exhausted, beside a dried-up water hole.

I swooped on it with a cry of delight—but the animal leaped away and I grabbed instead only dust and stones. I tried to give chase, ignoring at first the cuts I received on my face and hands from the razor-sharp blades of grass. I stopped, picked up stones and started to throw them after the hare.

"Blast you!" I shouted. "Come back at once. . . ."

At every bend in the trail I expected to come across my comrades. I kept thinking that I would see them grouped at a water hole filling their bottles. But around each bend lay only more grass and sand, and whenever I found a water hole it was dry.

I saw snakes sleeping on rocks. And occasionally I found piles of bleached bones, the remains of tiger feasts.

Ravines which cleft the desert became increasingly difficult to negotiate. My wound caused me racking pains. Often now I staggered and fell over rocks to face again the searing agony of trying to climb to my feet.

But by far the worst things in that vast inferno were the flies. A persistent jungle sore which had been on my left arm for some days began to suppurate. The flies descended on it in droves. Many thousands more encompassed my head in a whirling misery.

Eventually I wearied of trying to beat them off and resigned myself to the torture. I stumbled on with my arm hanging loosely at my side, covered with flies from wrist to shoulder.

Night brought a different kind of discomfort. The flies went, but I was irritated instead by the chirping of large-winged insects called cicadas. This was so loud that it kept me awake.

As the sun rose on the second day I struggled on again. Surely, before the sun reached its zenith, I would catch up with the column?

Within half an hour, the glare reflected from the sand was nearly blinding me. Yard by yard I staggered along, dragging my wounded leg, tripping over undergrowth, and sapping my last reserves.

Then suddenly there came a rumbling noise. Swiftly, the rumbling grew louder and more ominous. The ground around me shook, and felt about to open up under my feet. Death seemed very near, but in what form would it come?

The rumbling swelled to a thunderous roar, like the sound of a tidal wave about to engulf me. With an instinctive urge to take cover, I threw myself into the grass.

As I lay there panic-stricken, the noise reached a terrifying climax. A herd of wild elephants loomed up, above me, and charged away to vanish in a rolling cloud of dust. The nearest of those mighty beasts had been less than ten yards away. . . .

Somehow, throughout the rest of the day, I managed to keep going. But the succession of rocks, empty water holes and burning sandy slopes seemed endless.

I remember standing on one dune which raised me head-high above my surroundings. The grass extended as far as I could see, quivering in the heat. I began to imagine that all kinds of menacing noises were rising from that infinite wilderness. I put my hands over my ears to shut them out. Crazily, I sought to shout them down. I cursed them until my parched throat would utter no more.

The sweat ran from me and soaked my clothes. Wondering how so much moisture could come out of a body so long subject to the torments of the sun, I climbed down from the dune, undoubtedly a little better for having released my feelings.

Among the grass again, I saw a large lizard almost at my feet. I flung myself upon it and strangled it with my fingers. It was about eighteen inches long, sandy green in colour with red markings on its head. Hideous though it was, it was food.

Eagerly I slit it open with my knife, gouged out its entrails and hung the body at my belt by its tail to dry. I was hard put not to wolf the lizard there and then, but I managed to be patient until I slumped down for my final halt just before nightfall. The dried flesh had the texture of cardboard, but to me it was as glorious as the tastiest chicken.

How I managed to continue through the heat of the third day I shall never know. Always I expected that around the next clump of grass I would discover the column—brewing up tea, perhaps. My tongue was so puffed with thirst that it threatened to fill my mouth. The sweat still streamed down my face to soak my beard. No longer did it cause my eyes to smart for by now it was quite saltless, and it was from that lack of salt that I knew I could soon die.

Towards the end of the day, just when I had no more desire to survive and would have been content to die on the spot, I staggered out of the grass and found myself in an empty sandy waste. In my semi-delirium, I had failed to notice that there had been no trace of the column for hours.

The waste began to give way to scrub, and with the sun losing some of it ferocity, I saw ahead of me the inviting sight of a teak forest.

I had crossed the plain.

My despair vanished. Calling on reserves of strength which I had no idea I possessed, I stepped up my paces and made straight for the forest. Soon I reached it and plunged into the cool shade. Marching became a pleasure compared with what I had endured. The huge trees towered above me. Under foot, the ground was scattered with light undergrowth.

I came across a stream and tumbled into it to drink and to bathe my aching body. Thinking coherently once more, I guessed that the column must have halted somewhere near. It was far too pleasant a place to pass by. My water bottle replenished, I searched until I found evidence that men had bivouacked farther along the stream beneath the trees. The ashes of cooking fires were scattered around the area, and though they were all cold I could tell that they had been lit only the night before. This meant that, if the column had moved off at dawn, as was the usual practice, I was only about twelve hours behind it.

Yet if I was close to it, so also was the Irrawaddy. I remembered from the journey into Burma that the river was not far away from the teak forest. I muttered a prayer that the column would not be able to obtain boats immediately, and that, at the worst, it would still be crossing the Irrawaddy when I caught up with it.

Pleasant as it was beside the stream, I had to press on. I set off at a pace that was now almost a trot.

Spurred by hope, and the fear that I might be too late, I maintained this pace for a full hour. By then, dizziness had overwhelmed me. The ground seemed to rise and fall. I limped forward, gasping, my mouth agape.

Then I realized that I was at the top of a slope. In front of me, sprawled among the trees, was a village. I recognized it as Tagaung, a village beside the Irrawaddy where in the past the inhabitants had given my column generous hospitality.

Such was my relief that I barely restrained myself from staggering down to the houses shouting with joy. But I flung myself down to study the village. Not a single person—Burmese or British—was visible. Apprehensively, I asked myself: Am I too late? Has the column already crossed the river?

NEXT WEEK: Jap gunners sink my boat in the swirling Irrawaddy

MY BROTHER Kenneth

AS a young boy, he was probably the best soprano in the church choir. But, although he looked innocent enough, he was always up to tricks. Once he managed to jam one of the organ notes with a piece of paper. When the note was played it stuck and went on playing for several minutes while the organist struggled to get hold of the paper.

Kenneth's blush grew deeper and deeper but somehow he managed to avoid the choirmaster's suspicious eye. His sigh of relief when the note was eventually silenced gave him away, however. It could be heard all through the church.

He could always think up enterprising ways of earning pocket money. During one school holiday Kenneth helped a baker's delivery man on his rounds. Soon the baker and he were on such good terms that Kenneth was sometimes allowed to drive the van. All went well until one day he reversed into a brick wall. He had to spend the remainder of the holiday working overtime to pay for the damage.

Soon cars became Kenneth's passion. He had a girl-friend who lived some twenty miles away, and one evening he persuaded Mother to lend him the car. On his way home, rather late, he tried to take a short-cut and got himself firmly stuck in a ford. Always resourceful, he set out for the nearest village and began banging on doors.

Such was my brother's knack of making friends quickly that within a few minutes most of the village seemed to be awake and trudging back with him to the car. One farmer even brought his horse to help. The car was soon out of the mud and the villagers gave him a rousing send-off.

When he was at Cambridge, Kenneth owned a bicycle that was old and battered. For months he deliberately left it around in unauthorized places in the hope that the police would pick it up, so that when he went to claim it he could identify a much newer one as his own.

In due course his bike disappeared and Kenneth went along to the police station. There were dozens of bikes there and, when Kenneth was asked to pick out his, he pointed boldly to an almost new model standing a little by itself in the corner.

Even Kenneth was nonplussed when the policeman sadly shook his head and said: "No, sir. That one belongs to me."

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS BROTHER? See page 28

LAUGHTER—3

Laughter is not at all a bad beginning for a friendship, and it is far the best ending for one.

Oscar Wilde

Old Siege House, Colchester, Essex

ILFORD FILMS FOR FACES & PLACES

For pictures of Faces and Places that will give you endless pleasure, always use Ilford films. They are made in all popular sizes for black-and-white photography. And if you own a 35mm. camera, you can add to your enjoyment by taking Faces and Places in their true colours on Ilford Colour Film—each cassette gives 20 superb transparencies and costs only 21/6 including processing.

ILFORD COLOUR PRINTS

Have your 35mm. colour transparencies enlarged into Ilford Colour Prints for yourself and your friends. Postcard-size prints cost 10/- for four, and larger 5¼ x 8¼ in. prints in grey card slip-in mounts are 7/6 each. Ask your dealer for full particulars of the Ilford Colour Print service.

Harlech Castle, Wales

Wells Cathedral

Clovelly, Devon

Abinger Hammer, Surrey

ILFORD FILMS IN BLACK-AND-WHITE IN ALL POPULAR SIZES. IN 35mm. COLOUR, TOO!

Sandy was a soldier's boy

continued from page 9

High Lawn Mower-in-Chief until he expiates his crime."

"I do hope you can stay for tea," said Aunt Abigail.

He looked at his tin ticker. It said five past five. Late every day this week. Sharp five, Mum had said. "I'm late," he said. "I'll need to run. Thanks just the same."

"I'll take you in the car," the big man said.

They went down to the village in an old thunder-rumble Bentley.

"By the way, Kinyucher, I wouldn't say where you've been or what you've done. Not a word to your parents, is my advice."

"My dad, he's not too bad," said Sandy, "but Mum is awful sharp. If Mum says, 'What mischief was you up to,' what am I to say?"

"If I were you, I would watch your mum and, when you see the awkward question-look, ask her about something that she's keen about. What is your mother keen about?"

Sandy considered this. "Just the one thing lately, and that's babies. Mum's fair daft on babies. Mum's like Susan, she's expecting."

Sheila's dad exploded. Then he slowed up and turned the car at the first house. "I'll drop you here," he said.

Sandy got out. "When am I to start the work?"

"We'll send a message, shall we? By helicopter, rocket, jet, by radio or by TV, even by carrier pigeon. M'mm. Yes, the pigeon might be best. Expect a tiny dove, with a secret message on his leg. Farewell, Kinyucher."

Before Sandy could ask if he meant it about the tiny dove, the man reversed out and drove back up the road with the exhaust blattering to beat the band. Sandy ran home all the way. It wasn't far. They had half Mum's Auntie Ethel's house. The other half was Altnadean P.O., and sweetie shop, and Auntie Ethel.

Mum was knitting in the kitchen. "You're late again," she said.

"Sorry, Mum."

He watched Mum put the brown stew and the small green peas and new potatoes on a plate and then he sat down to eat.

"Well, what have you been up to?" said his mum.

"Och, nothing special," Sandy said. "I took a dander up the public road and through yon gate and past the quarry, but the clouds were low. . . ."

"Go on."

"I could see the Secret Place," he said. "The muckle buildings and the chimney to the clouds. Yon's kind of skeery, Mum, away off by itself."

"Ay," she said. "It's skeery."

"What is it, Mum?"

She frowned. "You'll need to ask your dad."

"It's atomic," Sandy said. "That's what it is." He said that, but he did not know; and it was no good asking Dad. None of the grown-ups liked to talk about the Secret Place.

"Did you stay on the public road?"

"Well, mostly," Sandy said.

"You shouldn't have gone off the road. That's private. That's the Forest of Altnadean. Deer forest. Twenty thousand acres, and it all belongs to Miss Abigail."

Miss Abigail. Aunt Abigail? My-AuntieAb'n—Holy Moses. . . . "What was yon, Mum?"

"I said: Tell us the rest about the afternoon."

Ask her about something that she's keen about. "Mum," he said. "Pink's for lassies, isn't it?"

"Ay," she said. "Pink is for lassies."

"And blue's for laddies?"

"Ay," she said. "Blue is for laddies."

"Could you put a jersey pink like yon on to a boy?"

"Goodness gracious no," she said. "Pink jerseys, panties, booties, bonnets," Sandy said. "My brother'll just have to shiver in his birthday suit. Puir wee naked fella."

She put down the jersey on her lap and laughed. "Well, it's a sister that you're getting."

Then the street door opened and Dad came in. He kissed Mum and he sighed and said: "Wish it was Auntie Ethel I was kissin'."

"Now now, Donald. . . ." Mum smiled at Dad, and then she got up and helped him and her to the stew.

"Wee Beaky's arrived, so I hear tell from the R.S.M.," Dad said.

"Who, Donald?"

"Colonel Wee Beaky, got command. Him and me were in a war, just boys together once."

"Once," said Mum. "And once in a war is quite enough."

"Och, now, Mary, there won't be a war. Or only a wee one, far away."

Sandy thought Dad might be saying that to stop Mum worrying with the baby due next month. MIDDLE EAST WAR CLOUDS, it said in the paper this morning. That might be a wee war, far away. But it said, too, INTERNATIONAL SITUATION GRAVE.

The next morning the pipe major went away over to judge the Pibroch at Drumfechan Games. Dad was a champion piper in all Scotland.

"Take care of your mum," he said. "And mind, Sandy. I'm no wanting Mum worried at what capers you'd be up to, so stay about the place."

Sandy stayed about the place. He got his bike out of Auntie Ethel's woodshed, and turned it downside up and cleaned and polished every inch. He went in the house and looked out of the window at his bonny bike, and he thought: *What am I to do if the message comes for me to be starting work?*

Mum had done the housework. Now she was at the knitting. She nodded towards the wall to the sweetie shop and Altnadean P.O. and Auntie Ethel: "Ask if you can give a hand."

Sandy went out and to the P.O. door, and the bell rang as he went in. "Oh, it's you," said Auntie Ethel with a sniff. "I've no sweeties for you." That was just like Auntie Ethel when he wasn't wanting sweeties.

Sandy looked at Auntie Ethel. "I'm come to say could I give a hand."

"A nice change that would be," she said, and sniffed again. "Well, thanks," she said, more decent, but not glad to say it. "Sell stamps and sweeties with the price on. But if there's a register or parcel, call me."

Sandy sold four tuppenny-ha'pennies to Mrs. Reid and gave her tuppence change. He sold a packet of cigarettes to Mr. Gillies. Everything went fine until the door opened and the bell clanked and it was Davie Muir, the minister's son. He was a bigger boy than Sandy, a pudgy lump. He thought he was the boss of Altnadean.

"A quarter of super-creams," said Davie Muir, "'n make it snappy, Copper-knob."

Sandy knew he had to keep out of trouble. He closed his mouth tight shut. He weighed the toffees out, poured them into the paper bag and said: "Eightpence," waited for Davie Muir to count it out, put down the bag and took the money.

"Ta-ta, wee Sweetie Flapper-Lugs," said Davie Muir.

Sandy held the edge of the counter and watched Davie Muir walk out. Then he heard his bike crash on the road. That was too much for Sandy McBain. He knocked down the super-cream jar, running. Davie Muir had disappeared. Sandy picked up his bike and stood it again. He looked about, no Davie Muir. He went back in.

"What's this?" Toffees all about the floor, jar not broken, Auntie Ethel hands on hips. "Who were you fighting in my post office?"

Sandy shook his head. "Knocked them down," he mumbled. "Sorry."

"I knew fine it was too good to last," said Auntie Ethel with a sniff.

Dad was home by four. He was no sooner home when a loud knock-knock, and Sandy went to answer.

"C.O.'s compliments," said the orderly of the day. "Can the C.O. drop by the pipe major's for a cup of tea?"

What a fuss! *Sandy, get washed quick. Sandy, brush your hair. Sandy, put on your Sunday kilt. Say sir now. Sandy, mind!* What a fuss about some wee colonel called Wee Beaky.

He was still half-changed when he heard a car stop on the village street. Sandy looked down. A man was getting out of the car. He did not wear a raggedy green knickerbocker suit. He wore a Black Watch uniform, spit and polish. He looked like all the Black Watch officers rolled into one. He had a crown and a pip on each shoulder. He was the big man, Sheila's muckle dad.

Sandy tied his tie with two thoughts growing. The first was what he had done to the greenhouse of the colonel's Auntie Ab; the second was that the colonel was come to tell on him.

"Hurry, Sandy!"

He went down the stair in his Sunday kilt.

"This is our boy Sandy, sir. Sandy, say how d'you do to Colonel Spens."

"How d'y'do," Sandy mumbled, and added, "sir."

The colonel pretended not to know him. Then the colonel and Dad and Mum were talking.

"Arrived yesterday. Good to be home again. . . . Hardly been back these twenty years. . . ."

Sandy knew why, seeing the D.S.O. and the Military Cross, the ribbons for big wars, small wars, troubles on the colonel's chest. He looked terrific.

"It's a coincidence," the colonel said, "joining the battalion here. The Black Watch has never been stationed at Altnadean. Temporary, of course."

The battalion was half in the empty forestry camp along the road, and half in the old hydropathic. It had been here a month.

"My daughter's with me," said the colonel. "Name of Sheila. Age of nine." He looked at Sandy. "You're older than that, I think."

"Ten past, sir," Sandy said.

"Many boys of your own age here?"

"There's Davie Muir," Mum said. "The minister's son."

Sandy awch-ched; the colonel grinned his wicked grin; Dad and Mum smiled too.

"So much for Davie Muir. Well, girls are poor substitutes, I know. But Sheila lacks company. So any time you feel like coming up, we shall be very glad to see you. Plenty of things to do. Is that your bicycle outside?"

"Yessir," Sandy said.

"How about riding up to see us this evening? If I'm not there, you'll find Sheila somewhere about the place. Tell her a small bird sent you."

Sandy gave a splutter of a laugh, couldn't help it, about Colonel Wee Beaky, small bird.

Mum frowned. *Mind-your-manners.*

"Well, thanks," he said.

"He's a good worker," Dad said how. "If you've jobs to be done, sir."

"It would need to be an awful lot of work," said Mum, "to keep Sandy out of trouble. Aye up to mischief, is our Sandy."

"What else but mischief at ten years old?" the colonel said. "Remember yourself at more than twice that age, Pipe Major? Piper McBain in Cairo, eh?"

"It was a hard job keepin' up wi' one o' them young officers," Dad said with his solemn face. "A wee fella'. I can't just mind the name."

So then Dad and the colonel laughed and gassed and looked sad too, about old times in the fighting desert.

Then the colonel stood up and said thanks for the best cup of tea and currant cake he'd had for ages. Then he said goodbye.

No sooner were Dad and Sandy back than Mum let fly. "What d'you mean, *Wee Beaky*? Why d'you no say it was Colonel Hector Spens?" Mum seemed real vexed. Perhaps it was from her that Sandy got his temper.

"Now, now, Mary," Dad looked sheepish. Dad stopped being every inch pipe major of the Forty-Second when Mum got vexed at him. "Wee Beaky's his name in the regiment."

"The colonel's braw," said Sandy McBain.

Mum turned from Dad to stare at Sandy. "Well?" she said.

"What, Mum?" *The colonel's braw.* That was what had done it.

"I saw it in your face at teatime yesterday," she said. "And then I saw your face redder than a post-box with the colonel, and him not knowing you. But one good actor's not enough. Well, Sandy?"

He knew the colonel wouldn't tell on him. He knew one lie, a whopping one, would do the trick; because he knew that Dad and Mum thought Sandy never told a lie. Or he could tell the story out and get what he would get. Sandy knew fine what he would get.

So then he told his dad and mum.

Mum was crying. "Och, Sandy! How could you do a thing like yon?"

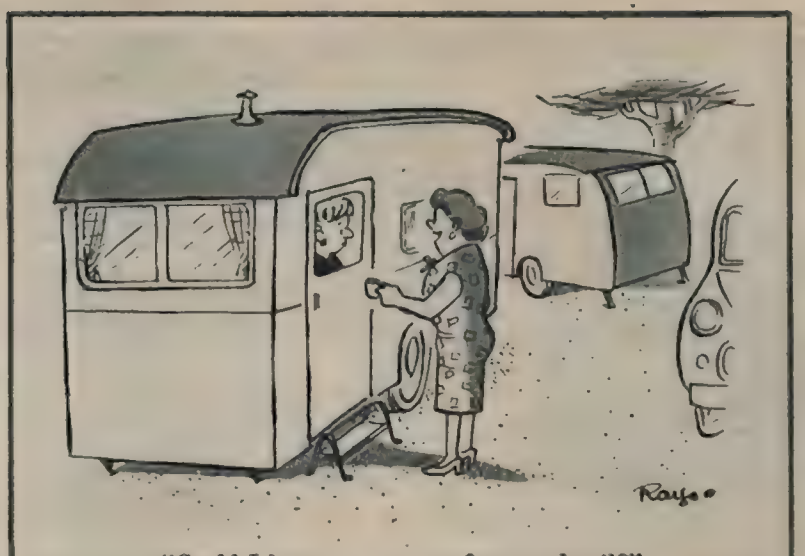
He couldn't say what he did not know.

Dad spoke for the first time now. "Away up to your room."

Sandy waited, sitting on his bed. *The colonel understands,* he thought. *The colonel kens fine I couldn't help myself.*

He heard footsteps. Dad came in and shut the door. "We'll get it over with," said Dad. "Syne I've things to say. Take down your trews. Bend over. Hud fast to the bed."

Sandy pulled down the short tartan



"Could I borrow one cup of rear axle oil?"

MY BROTHER KENNETH

See page 26

Kenneth Horne, the radio comedian, is Mrs. Ruth Gordon's famous brother

breeks he still wore underneath his kilt. He bended over. He shut his eyes and held his breath and clenched his teeth. They were hard ones, with Dad's bare strong hand.

Dad ticked off on his fingers the things Sandy had done in a month at Altnadean. Three bikes punctured by the tacks he laid across the road; the alarm clock under the pulpit in the kirk, went off in the sermon. Davie Muir had seen him; it was Davie Muir that told on Sandy. The wire to pay back Davie Muir in Lady's Wynd, but it wasn't Davie Muir it tripped in that narrow lane, it tripped his nibs, the R.S.M. Auntie Ethel's roses. . . .

Things seemed to happen first, and he remembered afterwards, too late. "Sorry, Dad," he said.

"You can be sorry, Sandy boy. But sorry until next time isn't good enough. And what about the money for the glass?"

"I'll work and work and work. The colonel said I could. I'll pay for every penny, Dad."

"There's the boy." He patted Sandy's shoulder and went to the door and stopped a second and came back. "Catapult," he said.

Sandy gave the catapult to Dad. *Goodbye, catapult.*

"Put on your working clothes, but see you're neat. Then away up to the big hoose and make a start."

Sandy changed into his old kilt and his jersey. He went downstairs and said sorry to Mum and got a real big bad boy's hug and went outside. The tyres of his bike were flat.

Davie Muir again. Sandy pumped them up, trying not to think of Davie Muir, and rode to Altnadean. . . .

FOR three weeks Sandy worked and worked. He mowed the grass. He fetched in wood. He weeded, raked gravel, cleaned the shoes, helped Private Smodger wash the colonel's car; these and other things. Sheila kept Sandy company in most of the jobs he did. Sandy formed a good opinion of Miss Sheila Spens.

Almost everyone formed good opinions of Alexander Donald Kilconquhar McBain, working his head off to pay his debt. *Keep his nose to the grindstone,* said that cunning colonel to Miss Abigail. *Make Kinyucher sweat.* So Miss Abigail tried to give Sandy non-sweating jobs, like carrying her basket about the garden.

Susan had puppies the first week. She had two black bitches, one golden dog, one brown dog the colour of unsweetened cocoa. That was the best thing for Sandy and Sheila at Altnadean. The best laughs for them were Private Smodger Smith, the colonel's batman, and Miss Abigail, enemies at daggers drawn. And then there was the colonel, away by day and often by night, training his battalion.

This Saturday morning, Sheila had gone to the village on her bike; Miss Abigail and Reverend Muir were in the library, Susan was with her puppies on the washing-green; Private Smodger was in his den; Sandy was raking gravel before the house.

Every time Mr. Muir got started about missions overseas, Miss Abigail would interrupt again. "Oh, piffle, my good man!" Her voice rang loudly now through open windows.

The front door closed. It was Reverend Muir, mopping his brow from Miss Abigail. Sandy went on raking.

"Fine day for it, Sandy," said Mr. Muir.

"Ay," said Sandy. "Fine day for it."

"You're a braw raker," said Mr. Muir. "Seen my Davie lately?"

Well, that stopped Sandy raking. He looked up at Mr. Muir's round, cheery face. His eyes felt hot. He prickled in the neck. "Yes," he said.

"I wouldn't be surprised if you're as good a fighter as you are a worker. Well, cheerio then, Sandy." Reverend Muir hopped on his bike and rode away, leaving Sandy with some thoughts about what on earth the minister could be meaning, unless it was. . . . He raked again.

Sheila came back at half past ten; time for elevenses. They got milk and doughnuts each, and visited Private Smodger in his den. Good old Smodger was cleaning silver, a job he hated.

"Are you thirsty, Smodger?" Sheila asked.

"Thirsty? Dry as a corpse in the midnight sun."

"I'll get you one," she said.

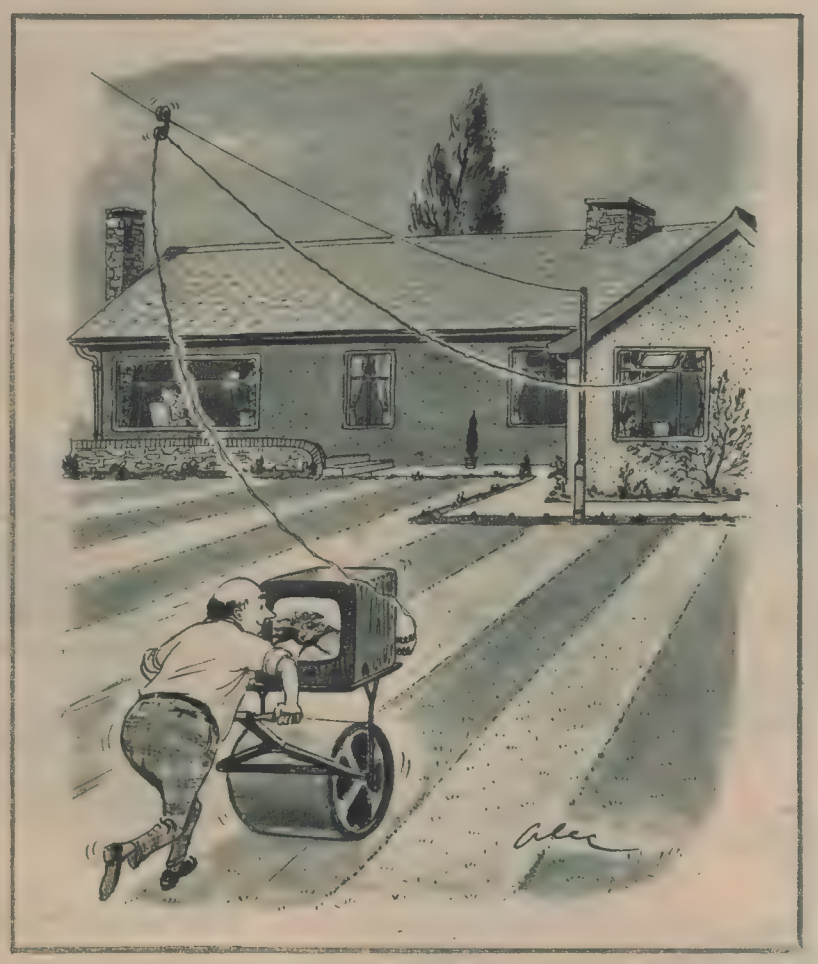
"Make it snappy, mate. And none o' that wishy-washy stuff. McEwan's Strong to settle the stummick."

Sheila brought strong ale. Smodger bit the cap off with his teeth, drank it down in one long gurgling gulp.

"Tell us that one about Singapore." Smodger's stories got better every time.

". . . So there we were, cornered in the alleyway, five Chinky Chinamen with knives in front and five Chinky Chinamen with knives be'ind. 'You take yours,' Wee Beaky says, 'and I'll take mine.' So I draws my bayonet and I tikes them one by one. The first I slits his throat from ear to ear. The second I thrusts for his yeller foamy-rubber belly. The third. . . .

"Well, there mine were," concluded Smodger Smith. "Five dead doughnuts splashed with ruddy gore. And there was Wee Beaky's five, all groanin' arahnd in the alleyway, with broken arms and legs and ribs and



craniums and hambones, wot a mess, brute strength not science. 'You done a neat job, Smith,' Wee Beaky says. 'You're a better man than I am, Smodger dear.'"

That was the end of Private Smodger's story. Usually he took a long breath in and let it out in a long slow whistle about the lovely blood. But this time he gasped a short breath in and jumped to his feet. One reason only, that could be.

Sandy and Sheila turned to see the reason. Colonel Wee Beaky loomed in the door. He did not seem his friendly self.

"Look here, Smith! How many times am I to tell you . . . ?"

"Wot am I to do, sir? They wants 'em hot. I try to satisfy. 'Otter'n 'otter has ter be my motter." Private Smodger stared at the wall, and the words came out.

The colonel growled: "Come on, you two." They followed him from Private Smodger's den, and along the passage and out the back door. "Twenty years, and he still gets the better of me every time. Let's go and see Susan and the pups."

Susan's pups were dumplings two weeks old, brown and gold and black, all different, all the same.

"Bara is the bonniest," Sheila said. Bara was a black one, named after Susan's own black mother.

"Beulah's just a wee black bezzom," Sandy said. Beulah was the smallest and the fiercest.

"Basher is the biggest," Sheila said. Basher was the slow, fat, easy-going golden one.

"Buster is the brawest," Sandy said. Buster was the chocolate dog.

After a while the colonel said: "Well, I must be getting back. Kinyucher, would you take on a special job for me?"

"Ay," Sandy said. He forgot to say "Yessir" because the colonel had never asked him to do a special job.

"You know my appetite?"

"Yessir," Sandy said. He didn't know, but he could guess, having a pretty decent appetite himself to judge by; and it would take about five hims to make one colonel.

"I don't have time to fish these days," the colonel said, "so I wondered, Kinyucher, if you could possibly take on the job of catching me a good man's supper? It's dull work, I know, having to climb up beside that burn. . . ."

"Och ay," Sandy said, right broad and squeaky at the thought. "They're awfu' wee tiddlers, though."

"Twenty ought to do," the colonel said.

"Please, can I come?" Sheila asked.

She could carry the basket and the bait, and leave him free for fishing. "Well, okay, then," Sandy said.

"You'd better take lunch along," the colonel said. He got into the Bentley.

"I'll make the sandwiches," Sheila said. "How would egg do, Sandy?"

"Egg would do fine," he said. . . .

The burn splashed by. The honey bees were working. The wind and the sun were soft together. Sheila undid crinkly paper. "I like Curly Kate," she said. "Which do you like?"

"I like Plain Geordie," Sandy said. So that was fine. He ate Plain Geordies from the square bottom of the loaf, and she ate Curly Kates.

Then they fished a mile without catching anything.

"Let's . . ." Sandy began to say, when the sound came across the wind. It was no louder than a hiss, but a big sound from a long way off. They turned to watch the Secret Place, square, squat buildings in the sun, the high fence gleaming in the sun.

Sheila shivered. "I never heard it make a noise before. I hate it. Don't you hate it, Sandy?"

"Ay," he said. "It's skeery."

"It's like some prison with some wild beast caught inside," she said.

A wild beast hissing in its prison in the wild free place. The sound stopped now. Sandy put three new maggots on the hook. He fished again. Twenty trout, the colonel wanted to his supper, and this was Sandy's first job for the colonel.

But the trout were sulking under stones, if there were any trout to sulk. "There's nowt in it," Sandy said.

"Och, Sandy, don't be daft. The burn's alive with trout." She looked at him and she laughed at him.

The burn was bonny on that August afternoon. The world was bright and bonny for everything but one thing—catching trout.

They had climbed a fair long way, and the glen still climbed into the north. But here was a rusty wire fence.

"This is the march," she said. "The boundary with Drumfechan."

All Sandy McBain knew about Drumfechan was about Geordie MacTaggart, the gamekeeper, who was famous. He looked up the glen. It was steeper there ahead. He counted one, two, three, white sparkling tumbles.

He looked carefully about him. He had a sudden sort of feeling in his bones. "Come away then," Sandy said. He put a foot on the fence and the brown wire squeaked.

"But Sandy, we're not allowed."

"You're feared," he said.

"I'm not." Sheila seemed vexed.

"The colonel sent me for to catch his supper," Sandy said. "I ken fine we'll never catch nothing in Altnadean. I ken fine yon's the only place."

"Daddy doesn't care a bit about the trout. He just thought of the job for us to have some fun and to stop you being so daft on work."

The colonel wouldn't make a fool of him like that. "I'll not believe it," Sandy said. "Give us the bag. You bide here."

"Who says I'm biding here?"

Sandy grunted, and led the way. "Keep a look about," he said. He knelt in the heather. He got the right length of line. He did a swing back towards him and on away, and the new braw maggots dropped into the deep dark pool.

Suddenly no maggots and a flash of belly. Sandy took that trout from that deep dark pool in less time than it takes to think about. It was small.

They stopped taking after seven. Probably there were no more to take. In the next pool he got six. "It's a long way down," said Sheila. "I mean if Geordie or anybody comes."

"Geordie won't come," he said. "Geordie'll be away off at some Games on a Saturday afternoon." He started on the third pool.

He was up to seventeen, pretty well tiddlers, not too bad, when Sheila said: "Couldn't I have just one turn?"

So he gave her the rod, and became sentry while she fished. Nothing was moving on Drumfechan.

Then Sheila gave a squeak, and he looked down, and she was into a whopper, much the biggest yet. The line cut Vs from side to side. The reel screamed out.

He had taken the hook out and killed the fish and put it in the bag when he heard a gasp and Sheila flopped down beside him.

A man stood up the glen. He would be about a hundred yards away. He was not looking down in this direction. He stood sideways, staring to the east. A black dog sat beside him, staring the same way, as a good keeper's dog will do. This keeper wore a knickerbocker suit, and he was bare-headed, and he was Geordie MacTaggart. That stood out a mile.

To be continued next week

David Walker's story, "Sandy Was A Soldier's Boy," will be published as a book by Collins on July 29, at 10s. 6d.

CHEW

Just look at it !

Every home has use for this new

REMINGTON PORTABLE

It's got everything! So good to look at. So fastidiously designed. So precisely engineered. And it's not only the best-looking portable you've ever seen. It types beautifully. Takes all the punishment a *family* can give a typewriter. Goes on and on working with unflagging efficiency. See and try it—resplendent in satin grey with its new smartly modern two-tone carrying case—**at your local dealer's.**

It's yours for only £3.9.0 down and eight monthly payments of £4.3.6. Cash price £34.10.0.

THE NEW REMINGTON

Quiet Riter

Stranger in Blallalay

Continued from page 19

on the crest of a mountainous wave, he flailed his double-bladed paddle and held his breath in horror as the kayak slipped down a slope so steep it seemed that it must lead into the very bowels of the sea.

Probably no other small craft made by men could have lived through the hours that followed. A dozen times the kayak flipped end for end like a blown leaf, and each time the young Eskimo, hanging head down beneath the waves, righted her with the twisting paddle. A seal-skin skirt, sewn to the cockpit, was drawn tight about his waist and man and boat were one indivisible whole.

For twenty-four hours Nakusiak fought the sea. His eyes blurred into sightlessness. His ears became impervious to sound. His muscles cracked and twisted in soundless agony.

And then, as brutally as it had begun, the ordeal came to its appointed end. A gigantic wave lifted the kayak, caught it in green and foaming fingers and almost casually flung it high on the roaring shingle of a beach. The kayak shattered like an egg flung on a gravel path, but Nakusiak was tossed free to lie beyond the line of the receding foam, unconscious but alive.

He was awakened from the stupor of exhaustion by the cry of white-winged gulls swooping low over his body and screaming hungrily. Slowly, with infinite pain, he dragged himself farther up the beach to seek shelter at the foot of a massive cliff.

Then, as his eyes became accustomed to the glare of the brilliant sun, he was shaken by a sudden sense of recognition; of beholding a familiar object in this unfamiliar world. Surely those white patches flecking the high green headlands must be snow?

He rose to his knees and stared intently for a moment. Then a sudden terror shattered the brief hope. The white patches moved. Nakusiak scuttled for the shelter of a water-worn cave, and his heart pounded within him: he knew of only one white beast of such a size—the Arctic wolf. And never in his most fevered nightmares had he dreamed of wolves in such numbers as he saw now.

For two days he dared not leave the cave. He satisfied his thirst with water dripping from the rocks above, but there was nothing for his hunger. And so, on the third day, he ventured out on the beach once more.

He had two great needs—food and a weapon—and when his eye fell on a straight length of driftwood, he seized upon it. A few minutes work sufficed to lash his knife securely to the wood and, with the rude spear grasped firmly in his hand, courage began to flow again.

There was food, too, of a sort. Shell-fish and some small fish caught in a tidal pool slightly appeased the pain within his belly. But these were strange foods and he was afraid to eat much.

On the morning of the fourth day he made his choice. He would stay no longer in this hidden place to wait for death. He would go up the cliffs and face the terrors of the unknown as a man should.

It was a long and dangerous climb and he was bone-weary when he clawed his way over the grassy lip and fell sprawled on the high place. But his fatigue was washed from him almost instantly, for as he raised his head he saw, not more than a hundred feet away, a herd of weird white beasts.

Nakusiak clutched at his spear, but his body remained rigid. Hardly daring to breathe, he stared at the fantastic apparitions. . . .

The half-wild sheep of the Hebrides have the curiosity of all sheep, and they have little fear. The flock had seen the man, and now they formed a solid phalanx of blank, staring faces. Some of the ewes in the front ranks shook their heads and bleated, and in these actions the Eskimo read a deadly danger.

The sheep bleated again in a rising chorus and some of them shuffled a few feet closer. Tensed to the breaking point, Nakusiak could stand no more. He leaped to his feet and charged blindly into the threatening mass, screaming his defiance as he came. The sheep stood stupidly, then wheeled and fled. But already Nakusiak was among them, lunging fiercely with his make-shift spear.

It was soon finished. The startled sheep vanished beyond a nearby crest, leaving Nakusiak, shaken as by a fever, gripping his blood-stained spear and staring down at the two animals he had slain. That they were only animals he could no longer doubt, for they had bled red blood.

Wild with relief, he began to laugh, and the sound of his voice sent the remaining sheep scurrying farther into the rolling distance of the moors. He had ventured everything and won. Now he threw off his terror and with his spear slit one of the dead sheep, and in another minute was filling his starved belly with warm meat. . . .

That strange scene under the blue Hebridean skies had been witnessed by the gulls and by the sheep—and by one other being. Atop a ridge a quarter of a mile inland a hard-faced, tough-bodied man of middle age had watched that brief encounter. Angus Macrimmon saw the sheep converging on a shapeless mound at the cliff edge. Then, before he could take a step forward to investigate, he saw the thing rise—squat and furry and somehow very terrible—and fling itself, screaming, on the defenceless beasts.

Macrimmon saw the glare of blood against white fleeces; and horror rose within him as he watched the killer rip open a dead sheep and eat of its raw flesh.

Macrimmon was of the Hebrides. Those men still believed in the existence of the little men, the evil dwellers of the mounds, and in a dozen other creatures of the demi-world. And Angus Macrimmon, watching the murder of his sheep that August day a century ago, knew with an awful certainty that the killer was no human being.

Slipping back over the crest, Angus broke into a run towards the far-off village of Blallalay. He was breathless and near exhaustion when he reached the place.

It was a mad tale he told—but no one doubted it.

The day was growing old, but the light was still clear over the sweep of the moors as the men of Blallalay moved off silently with their dogs and a long-barrelled rifle to face the twilight devil. From afar off they saw the white flecks that were the two dead sheep. Then one of them raised his arm and pointed, and all saw the shaggy thing that crouched beside the sheep.

They set the dogs upon it.

Nakusiak did not see the attackers until the frenzied outcry of a dozen dogs made him look up. The big dogs were distraught with their own fears, and were coming for him in a tight pack, nerving each other on.

Nakusiak had never before seen dogs like these. He sprang to his feet and stood uncertainly, eyes searching for some place of refuge. And then his startled glance fell on the dark mob of approaching men, and it needed nothing more to tell him that they came with death for him.

The dogs were nearly on him. The leader, a rangy black collie, made a circling lunge at this strange-smelling, strangely clad figure standing bloody beside the torn body of the sheep. Nakusiak thrust out instinctively with his spear and the dog leaped back, shrieking with the pain of a long gash across its shoulder.

There was an instant hubbub among the still distant shepherds, and one of them dropped to his knees and raised the long rifle.

The dogs closed in again and Nakusiak, stricken with panic, backed to the very edge of the cliff. He lifted his free hand in an imploring gesture, and in a voice taut with the urgency of desperation cried out the ancient formula of peace.

"I am Innuk—a Man," he cried. "I mean no harm."

For answer there came the heavy crash of a shot. A stinging blow struck Nakusiak's arm and the force of it spun him half around so that he lost his balance. The spear flew from his hand and curved, glittering in the evening sun, towards the beach far below. There was a hoarse, victorious shout from the men and they began to run forward, urging their dogs to close in and destroy this alien thing.

Nakusiak cried out once more, and in his voice was that ultimate despair which only human lips can utter. When the men, with the sound of that terrible cry ringing in their ears, reached the cliff edge, Nakusiak was gone.

There was luck in the thing, but, more than that, there was strength and tenacity. Nakusiak fell free of the cliff for only a few yards and then he was clinging, fly-like, to the rough slope. Unconscious of the bleeding wound in his shoulder, he lowered himself another yard or two over a slight overhang until his body lay, trembling and spent, in the sparse shelter of a narrow ledge.

When the men peered over the cliff, there was nothing to be seen except the glitter of water at the narrow beach far below, and the flash of gulls disturbed from their nests along the crumbling slope. The men were oddly silent now. They looked at the patch of bright blood freshly staining the rock at their feet, and each one of them was hearing still that final cry.

Each man knew that it could have sprung only from a human throat, yet none would face this knowledge. They shifted uncomfortably and the one who had fired the rifle spoke up defiantly against the silence.

"Whatever it was, it's dead now right enough," he said. "And that's as well, for look you at the way it tore the sheep."

A few of the men glanced at the dead sheep, but none replied. In a little while the party moved homewards across the moors, and each one wrestled with his doubts in silence. . . .

Macrimmon put their feelings into words when his wife questioned him about the affair. He was unusually abrupt with her.

"Forget it now," he told the woman and her two daughters. "Talk no more about it. It is forgotten."

But it was not forgotten, and Macrimmon was one of those who could not forget. For two full days and nights, and particularly in the nights, he was haunted by the memory of the voice. There seemed no escape from it. Far up the inland moors sloping to the round crests, the wind carried the sound of that voice. The gulls echoed it. It beat on the hard core of the man and would not be silenced.

And in the end it prevailed.

On the third morning after the shooting, Macrimmon stood once more by the edge of the cliff, and cursed himself for a fool, but could not turn away. He got to his knees and carefully lowered himself over the edge. His dog whined unhappily but could not follow him as he disappeared from view.

Far below, the rocks glistened with salt water as the tide drove in, but Macrimmon did not look down. He descended with infinite caution, yet before he was halfway down his hands were bruised and he was winded.

A sloping ledge ran down diagonally to the still distant beach, and Macrimmon inched his way along it. He passed close to the nest of a sea-bird and the gull flung herself outwards screaming violently. Her wing-tip brushed against his face and involuntarily he raised a hand to fend her off.

In that instant the shale on which his feet were braced crumbled away beneath him. For a moment his body defied gravity. His hands scrabbled frantically for finger holds, found them, and were torn loose by his own sliding weight. Then he was falling away, plunging towards the beach below.

Far up on the cliff rim the dog howled. . . .

It was the cry of the dog that awakened Nakusiak from a fevered sleep in his little cave upon the beach. Here, on a crude bed of dry seaweed, he had lain for three interminable days in an agony of pain while he waited for his indomitable body to heal itself. His swollen shoulder pulsed unbearably, yet he endured.

When the dog howled, Nakusiak shuddered and drew himself farther into the narrow recess of the cave. Into his hot brain came the knowledge that his respite was over. Yet he faced what he believed must be his end with courage. In his good hand was the only weapon he could use, now that his spear was gone—a lump of rock crusted with barnacles.

He clutched it to him as the rattle of falling stones, closely followed by a wailing shout, echoed outside his cave.

His heart beat heavily in the silence that followed. The silence was a terrible thing, for it was like the trick of a weasel that had cornered a ground-squirrel and waits, unseen, unheard, for the trapped beast to break and flee. Nakusiak felt a great anger burning through his pain, for he was a man, and not to be treated as a beast. He changed his grip on the stone and with a sudden cry rushed out of his sanctuary into the light.

The bright sun blinded him and he stood irresolute, waiting for the attack

"You remember what you said about us all ending up in queer street . . . ?"

LAUGHTER—4

Men show their characters in nothing more clearly than in what they think laughable.

Goethe

IT'S TIME FOR CRUNCH

Fry's NEW milk chocolate sensation!

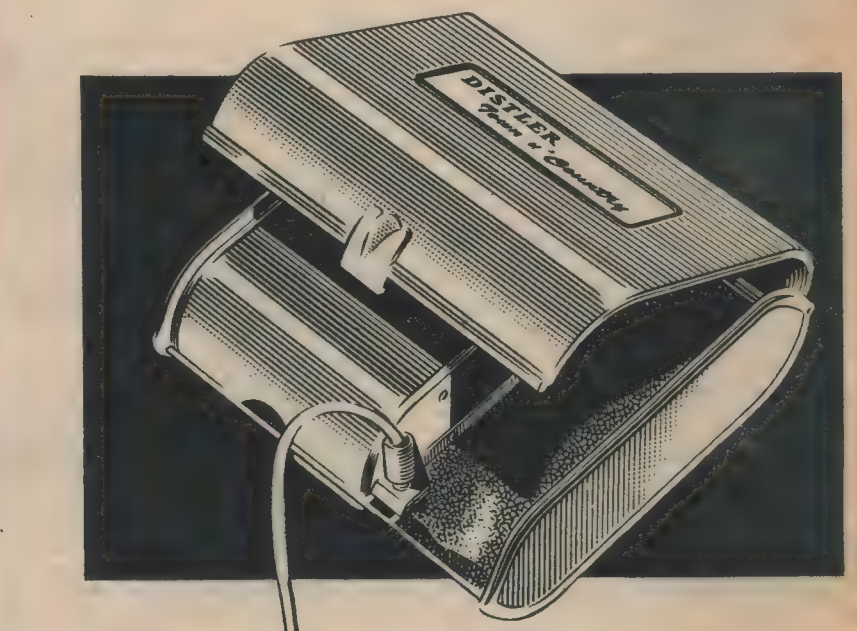
MILK CHOCOLATE WITH GOLDEN HONEYCOMB CRISP 2 oz 6d

Shave anywhere-Any time!

DISTLER BATTERY SHAVER

Town n' Country

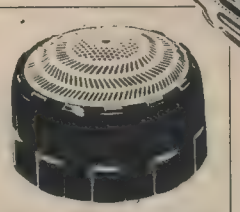
Precision-built DISTLER gives the closest, cleanest shaves of your life. *Electric* shaving — without the problem of plugs, points and mains. *Close* shaving — thanks to DISTLER's brilliant rotary action. *Convenient* shaving because DISTLER is always at your service, any time, anywhere in the world — on the plane, on the train, in car or caravan, and in your bedroom or bathroom at home. It's a miracle of precision, efficiency and safety. Superb value at £5.15.6 (Tax Paid).



Look at DISTLER's star points

- ★ Designed and precision-built as a battery dry shaver. *Not* an adaptation.
- ★ Batteries last up to three months. Trouble-free and cheap to run. Powered by 3 standard 1½ volt torch cells.
- ★ Light. Quiet. Easy to pack. Easy to clean.
- ★ Rotary action gives closest, smoothest shaves — cuts bristles at the angle at which they grow.

PRICE ONLY **£5 . 15 . 6**
(Tax paid) (Batteries extra)



Head and cutter foil precision-matched for 100% efficiency.

Wide, self-sharpening blades of high tensile steel.

DISTLER

Town n' Country

BATTERY SHAVER

The most compact High Precision Shaver sold
(Made in Western Germany)

SEND FOR FREE LEAFLET TO-DAY

For full details about the new DISTLER Battery Shaver — post this coupon to-day for full-colour leaflet.

To DISTLER LTD.
(Dept. J.B.)
5 CONDUIT STREET
LONDON, W.1

Name .....

Address .....

DBS1F

One of the Ewart Holdings Group of Companies

and tensed to meet it out of the fury of his tortured body. But there was no sound, no motion. The glare faded and he stared about him.

A high drift of sea-wrack lay not ten feet distant, and his glance fastened on it and was held. Angus Macrimmon lay motionless there, face down, blood oozing from a great rent in his scalp. He was not dead, for the mercy of the seaweed had broken his fall. But, unconscious and defenceless, he lay now at the feet of a man he would have killed.

Nakusiak stared at his enemy and his mind was filled with turmoil. Was this another trap? He moved cautiously forward, the stone clutched hard in his hand. Then his heart thudded furiously as the inert body seemed to stir, and mumbled sounds came from its lips. In one swift motion Nakusiak was standing over his enemy, the ugly lump of rock raised above his head.

But even as his muscles tightened for the blow, Nakusiak's will turned from the deed. His arm could not be halted but, as it came down in a long sweep, the fingers unclenched and the rock flew free to land in the boiling surf of the incoming tide.

Nakusiak stood trembling, looking down at the head of the wounded man and seeing for the first time the flow of blood from the deep wound. But it was no wound that he had made.

The mutter of the surf roused him at last and he saw that the fast-rising tide was lapping hungrily towards the unconscious man. With his good arm Nakusiak gripped Macrimmon by the shoulder and, painfully, using the last of his reserves of strength, dragged his enemy up the shingle beach into the security of the cave mouth. . . .

A search party found the dog lying on the cliff edge next morning, and guessed at what had happened. An hour or so later they reached the little beach in a light skiff.

A thin curl of smoke led them directly to the cave and they stared into the narrow cleft with such a look of baffled incredulity that Macrimmon could not forbear a laugh.

"Dinna be affrighted, lads," he cried. "There's none here but us wild folk, and we'll not eat you yet;"

Inside the cave a fire of driftwood, kindled by Nakusiak with Macrimmon's steel and flint, burned brightly. Macrimmon himself lay on a seaweed couch, his head bound with the strips of his shirt, and his bruised back covered with the uncouth furs that Nakusiak had been wearing not long since. Beside him, squatting a little uneasily beside the fire, was the young Eskimo, bare to the waist and hugging his wounded shoulder with his good arm.

Nakusiak glanced nervously from Macrimmon to the blob of faces crammed into the cave entrance. Then, catching the tone of Macrimmon's banter, he dropped his uncertainty and smiled. It was a broad smile, beginning slowly and widening until it took command of his dark face. It was the smile of one who has been lost in a terrible void and who has come back into the living land of men.

There is not a great deal more to tell. For many days Nakusiak and Macrimmon lay in adjoining beds in Macrimmon's cottage while their wounds healed. And Macrimmon's wife and daughters gave the Eskimo unstinted care, for they understood their debt to him. Nevertheless, Nakusiak was separated from them by the barrier of language.

He had no words, but he had hands—and a rare skill. A borrowed knife and some fragments of wood sufficed to help him create the first of his little figures, and these spoke for him, telling a little of the way of things in his own world. . . .

Three years later, when Nakusiak had sought, and won, the hand of Macrimmon's eldest girl, Aileen, and when he had taken up the shepherd's life, he began the bone carvings which remain now in the Cotter's Arms. And in the winter evenings the shepherds marvelled at the beasts that he created, but none could know the fathomless depths of longing that gave them birth. For they were the cries of a heart exiled beyond space and time.

THE END

Switching tracks on the great iron way

Continued from page 11

vicious circle of rising costs and falling revenue—all too familiar on the railways—seemed to be set up.

And then, in February last year, as an experiment, railcars were introduced.

At Bury, the station staff still talk about that first day. "What a Saturday that was! Packing 'em in like sardines. At first we didn't think she'd ever make the gradients. But she did."

Joe Baker, the driver of the first railcar, was only four years from retirement. But, like the rest, he was as keen as a boy to enter this new railway world.

"'How about these diesels?' I says to the boss. 'Think I've a chance?'

"'Put your application in,' he says. 'They'll want some old heads on the job, too.'"

So, at the age of sixty-one, Joe Baker, who had been working on and around steam engines since 1912, went back to school at Derby to learn how to take a hand in the making of this new railway age.

He hasn't regretted it. "Ah, this is a king to those old steam engines!" he declares, sitting in his comfortable padded seat in the clean, warm cab, with the windscreen wiper swishing away quietly in front of him, clearing away the rain that drives down the valley. True, he felt lonely and cut off at first, without the companionship of the fireman beside him. But no longer does he have to turn up at the sheds nearly an hour early to get the engine ready. Now it's just a quick look-round, a touch of the starter, and he's away.

At Bacup ("They call this 'the Holy City'"), where the line ends in the steep wall of the Pennines, there is no longer the fretting, indeterminate delay while the engine is unhooked, turned round, and re-coupled. Joe Baker just picks up the control handles, walks through the car, and drives off from the cab at the opposite end. The stop is six minutes.

For Joe Baker personally the change has meant regular meals at last, and, shuttling to and fro at thirty-minute intervals through the week and at fifteen-minute intervals on Saturdays, he even makes more "mileage allowance" as well. More important is the knowledge that here, in this remote Pennine valley, the railway has come into its own again.

"Neat as a seagull landing on its eggs," as he puts it, Joe Baker's railcar swoops to a stop at the bleak little station of Clough Fold. "Never picked up more than one or two there in steam days. Now, on Saturdays, that platform's packed."

Children going home from school, crowd the front seats, "driving" from the glass doors that look into the cab and through the cab on to the line. Then, after 11 p.m., the late railcars bring floods of young people, travelling home from a night out at the Astoria Dance Hall at Rawtenstall.

For part of the way, the road runs alongside the track, and with well-heated, smooth-running railcars whistling by, the railway is, for once, visibly winning, hands down. Its Bury-Bacup day return is cheaper than the bus—and the trip doesn't take as long. In its first year of operation, the railcar has multiplied by two and a half the number of passenger journeys on this line. Apart from its comfort and good looks, its secret lies in its regularity. With a railcar service passengers can go along to the station and—as at a bus stop—know that "there'll be another along in a few minutes' time."

From the point of view of the railway economist, the railcar is very attractive. Although it costs around £30,000, its operating costs per mile are often between one-third and a half those of steam trains. Maintenance can be streamlined. In a few hours, with the use of a special hydraulic jack, railcar engines can be taken out at their local depot, sent to Derby or elsewhere for routine overhaul, and a new engine fitted from stock.

That is why railcar services will be appearing on more and more lines this summer. They will link the three neighbouring towns of Derby, Nottingham and Leicester. They will connect Derby, Burton and Birmingham; Newcastle and Middlesbrough; Manchester and Buxton. The modernization plan provides for a final total of 4,600 of these "diesel multiple units" in service.

But while dieselization can bring important reductions in running costs, electrification can reduce them very much more if it is given an adequate density of traffic. The main line electric locomotive not only costs a good deal less than the diesel-electric, but can be built in half the time. Taking its power from overhead lines, it contains very much less machinery, and is thus much easier to maintain.

As long ago as 1931, after protracted study, the government-appointed Weir Committee recommended electrification for all Britain's main lines. And under the fifteen-year modernization plan, 1,460 route-miles will, in fact, be electrified: London to Liverpool and Manchester on one side of Britain, and London to York on the other. On these lines the diesels are intended merely to bridge the gap between steam and electrification.

But in 1957 there is still only one line in Britain in which both passenger and heavy freight trains are regularly hauled by electric locomotives. This is the Wath—Sheffield—Manchester line, whose electrification was completed in the autumn of 1954. There could be no more striking demonstration of the many benefits that electrification brings. . . .

The spoil heaps and pithead winding gear that ring the vast Wath marshalling yards were just emerging from the mist when, at 9 a.m., Driver George Sheridan reported at the Wath sheds for duty. He was to take train No. 1112 over the hills to Manchester.

We climbed the steep side of our allotted Bo-Bo electric locomotive, a high, square, box-like creature with its pantograph conductor raised above it like some monstrous antenna, and waited in the Wath "Exchange"—where electricity takes over from steam and vice-versa—for the train. It had forty-three loaded wagons, and was one of the eighty to a hundred coal trains which travel over this Pennine pass every twenty-four hours. For this is one of the busiest lines in Britain, vital to the nation's economy, moving vast quantities of coal from the Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire coalfields across the Pennines to the factories and workshops of Lancashire.

The colour-light signal changed to green, and George Sheridan "crowed" on the loco's horn. This was a signal to the second "Bo-Bo" locomotive, our "banker," coming gently up behind to help push us up the twenty-two mile climb to Woodhead Tunnel, at the top of the pass. In steam days, this required four standard steam locos, two at each end of the train.

Sitting comfortably in his seat, watching the four electrical gauges in front of him, Driver Sheridan wore, not oily overalls, but a blue serge uniform suit with collar and tie. He was, in fact, "converted" to motorman—though not all drivers take kindly to that title. "Don't go lowering my status now," he jokes. Because electrification has cleared up freight congestion and cut down the need for Sunday work, his pay has, in fact, fallen. Yet he considers himself lucky to work on an electrified line. Getting home clean and less tired are some compensation.

George Sheridan's speedometer flickered between 10 and 12 m.p.h. as we climbed the 1 in 40 Wentworth Bank, one of the steepest gradients on our railways. "On the steam trains," he said, "we used to get up these two miles in twenty-five to thirty minutes. Now we can do it in twelve and a half minutes."

It was chilly outside, for we were

WHY?

LAST summer Ferguson asked the local estate agent, Green, to sell his house for him. He agreed that Green should be the sole agent.

A fortnight later, through a friend, Ferguson heard of a man who was interested in buying a house in the neighbourhood. He got in touch with him and invited him to have a look round the house. The visitor liked the house at once, and agreed to buy it.

Ferguson then told Green that the property was sold and should be taken off the market. The estate agent was furious, and claimed that Ferguson should have sold the house through him.

He sued Ferguson for the amount of commission that he would have charged.

"Mr. Ferguson, having appointed my client as 'sole agent,' had no right to sell the property behind his back," contended Green's lawyer. "My client has gone to considerable expense and effort in advertising this house and trying to sell it, and he is entitled to his commission."

But Green lost the case.

WHY? *A barrister explains the judge's ruling on page 34.*

New, Easy Way to Relieve

HAEMORRHOIDS

with tablets you take like aspirins

Nothing else to use

A Londoner wanted to be free from haemorrhoids "for at least a while"—so he bought his first packet of Hemotabs. Now he writes:

". . . with the idea of being free from haemorrhoids for at least a while, I bought a packet of your tablets . . . The trouble cleared up, and I have had no recurrence since then."—F.J.

Hemotabs are an entirely new treatment for haemorrhoids. You take these tablets with a glass of water—like an aspirin. Hemotabs are clean and simple to take. No other treatment required — no ointments — no unpleasantness. Carried through the body to the seat of the trouble, Hemotabs reduce the swellings, help restore normal actions and promote healing. At all chemists, 2/7d. **Write for free descriptive booklet to: Dept. J.B.15, Griffiths Hughes Ltd., P.O. Box 407, Manchester.**

HEMOTABS

£40

EXTRA INTEREST

on £300, in 3 years

Left to accumulate at 3%, a deposit of £300 grows to only £328 in three years. Move *your* Deposit to Federal at 7%, and £300 will become £368, *in the same time.* Why throw £40 away? Your money will be safe, and easy to withdraw. Write for free Brochure to: *Director of Deposits*

FEDERAL CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENTS LTD.

INDUSTRIAL BANKERS
32, Buckingham Palace Road,
LONDON, S.W.1.

A HEALTH AND BEAUTY HINT

A Special Word to Women

If women only knew how careful they ought to be if they want to keep well and healthy and retain their looks, how much better they would be.

That's why all women ought to know about the Juno-Junipah which more and more women are using every day.

Juno-Junipah is different from ordinary salts. It contains pure oil of Juniper. And it is gentle. It clears away, without any drastic purging, impurities from a woman's system. It keeps her complexion clear and fresh and helps to ward off Sick Headaches, Bilious Attacks and Rheumatic troubles like Lumbago and Sciatica.

Just try Juno-Junipah! You'll be surprised how soon you begin to feel better and look better, too. Your aches and pains will be relieved, your complexion and looks will improve, and you'll look and feel years younger.

If you prefer, the Juno-Junipah formula has been adapted to make pleasant little tablets. Ask your chemist for them.

climbing up on to the high exposed moors now. But it was cosy inside the cab with its electric heater at our feet. A demister kept the windscreens clear.

"See that loop there?" said Sheridan's fireman, Gordon Barker. "I've seen that packed from end to end with coal wagons in steam days."

But now the loop was empty. The traffic kept moving.

Though the electric locos have no fire, they still carry a fireman-assistant-motorman to watch for signals and so on. On this line, the firemen undergo a regular metamorphosis: one year electric, six months steam. For they are still required to pass out as steam drivers.

We were now more than nine hundred feet high, near the top of our climb up from Wath. The Woodhead Tunnel, opened only three years ago, was before us. Barker pointed out the old tunnel alongside, encrusted with grime. "Ruined a lot of railwaymen's health has that old tunnel. Men used to crouch down on the floor of the cab to get some fresh air, put handkerchiefs over their mouths, anything. . . . The sweat would roll down your sleeves. . . . It cost a fortune in rails from corrosion with the smoke."

But the new tunnel seemed cool and almost inviting. All along its three-mile length, its concrete lining was the same yellow-white as when it was built. In addition to lighting the tunnel, its two long lines of lights have a signal message for drivers. The only steam locomotives allowed through are hauled "dead."

Out of the tunnel again, the heather swept down to the track. Barker went to boil the kettle for the "mash." In steam days he would have done it on glowing coals, taken from the furnace and held on the clinker-shovel. Now he went down the locomotive's internal corridor, like any housewife, to the hotplate. For the men who man our railways, electrification will certainly bring a changed life.

And so, smoothly, almost effortlessly, train No. 1112 brought one more 750-ton load of coal over the Pennines and into the Mottram marshalling yards.

ELECTRIFICATION has not only speeded the flow of coal to the nation's industry. It is estimated that, on these sixty-eight route-miles of line, it will also *save* 100,000 tons of coal every year. On the passenger side, benefits have been equally striking.

Ringed by the hills of the Peak, the little grey stone town of Glossop, though only thirteen miles from Manchester, used to suffer from difficult communications. During much of the day, to get out of the town by train was a difficult operation. Glossop's once-thriving textile mills had shut down; there was a long-standing problem of declining population. Pessimists said that Glossop was a dying town.

Then, in the summer of 1954, as a by-product of the electrification of the Wath-Sheffield-Manchester line, a half-hourly service of suburban multiple-unit electric trains was put on to Glossop. They were cheap. They were regular. Despite the snow and severe conditions of the upland area, ninety-six per cent of them were on time. The number of passengers increased three-fold—and is still growing.

Glossop manufacturers complain that they are losing labour, which is commuting to Manchester, now an easy thirty minutes away any time of the day. On the other hand, Manchester is building houses in Glossop as a possible home for its "overspill." In place of the present population of 17,800, the regional planning authority now looks to a population of 31,000 by 1971. And with this new lease of access, Glossop's business people already see a rosier future for their town in its holiday rôle of "Gateway to the Peak."

Electrification has brought new life and potentialities not only to Glossop but to all the places along the line.

Indeed, already it seems to have stepped up the local tempo. The electric service allows for no platform dalliance. Doors are pneumatically opened and closed by the guard, who gives a button starting signal without leaving the train. Stops are scheduled for twenty seconds. "I thought we should never make it," said Stationmaster Harold Howard. "But we've been getting quicker and quicker—and now we're almost on it."

If main line electrification is thus so clearly the answer to major railway problems in this atomic age, why then bother with the interim solution of main line diesels?

The answer lies in the fantastic amount of work that must first be done on the track. And the mere erection of "goalposts" and stringing of overhead cable (which can be "mechanized" and done comparatively rapidly) is almost the least part of it. Greatly increased running speeds for both freight and passenger trains demand a much more than proportionate improvement in the track. Furthermore, whereas

Never Spurn a Suitor though he's Humble

by NOEL SCOTT

A caterpillar loved a moth
Who spurned his ardent plea.
"Your life is two-dimensional,"
She sneered, "but mine is three!"

"Just side-to-side and to-and-fro,"
She mocked her grubby swain.
"How could I link my lot with one
Who has no vertical plane?"

"A life so lateral, so square,
Would never do for me.
Like birds and fish I revel in
Cubic capacity!"

He hid his shame beneath a stone
Through pupal day and night;
Till out he danced . . . a butterfly—
To wed a Cabbage White!

the old steam engine acted, to some extent, as a "steam-roller" consolidating the track, electric and diesel locos, with their smaller wheels and changed springing, shake and pound it. As, on the one side, the much expanded railway research department seeks new designs which will overcome these defects, on the other the civil engineers labour to build a track which will stand up to the new strains.

Work is already under way, from both ends, on stage one of the electrification programme from Manchester to Crewe. Phase one, the reconstruction of the nine miles from Mauldeth Road, near Manchester, to Wilmslow in Cheshire, will serve as a pilot project, tested with electric locomotives running at speeds of up to 90 m.p.h.

An endless succession of hopper trains bring up granite and other chippings from quarries at Penmaenmawr and Nuneaton for use as track ballast. If there is any clay under the track it is mechanically dug out, and into the gap go nine inches of sand and nine inches of stone ballast. The cost is £15 to £20 a yard.

Even if there is no clay, all the old stone ballast is taken up from the track and cleaned in a special machine which frees it from ash and dirt which impedes drainage. Then it is made up to a depth of nine inches with new ballast—a higher standard than has ever been applied before.

"Not had a Sunday off in seven months," declared bluff George Watts, contractor's foreman from Kent, who lives in a caravan beside the line. Watts's job was raising bridges—to give safe clearance for the 25,000-volt power cable passing beneath them. Each bridge has to be waterproofed with tiles or felting, clamped in bars to hold it together, fixed in slings and gradually raised on fifty-ton jacks—a tricky operation which generally begins after midnight, when few trains are passing.

Signal cable covers lay alongside the track, ready for installation. Outdated signalling methods put a tremendous brake on railway efficiency. Higher speeds all round demand a reconstruction of the signalling system, with a switch-over to high-intensity colour-light signals. These colour-light signals are not only very much more visible than the old semaphores, but are more flexible, so that the driver, more fully informed of the track farther ahead, can maintain speed. "Automatic Train Control," making it impossible for a driver to pass signals when set at danger, is to be fitted, dispensing with the primitive business of calling out fogmen. "Hen cabin" signal boxes are being concentrated into larger and more modern ones controlling greater distances. At Perth, for instance, one modern box has replaced thirteen old ones.

ALL along this line out of Manchester, the woodwork of ancient stations was marked in chalk "F" (for fair) and "X" (for condemned). All along the line, station awnings will have to be cut back to give clearance for the wires and the platforms will have to be lengthened.

"You know," said Lloyd Owen, the district engineer in charge of this Herculean task, "we railwaymen of this generation are nearer to Stephenson and Brunel and the rest than our fathers were. Their job was to maintain as cheaply as possible what the pioneers had built. Now our job is to build again. It will be for those who come after us to maintain. . . ."

The reflection was more than merely academic. For there was great pride in being a railwayman. George Sheridan still keeps time by the watch used by his father, a driver before him. And everywhere on the railways one meets men whose fathers and grandfathers were railwaymen: it was both a tradition and a vocation.

But between the wars the railways fell on evil times. Stagnation set in. Tradition decayed. After the last war. the railwayman found that he had fallen behind other workers. He was a member of a depressed class.

Now that the railway system is being rebuilt, can that proud tradition, the tradition of Stephenson and Brunel, be recaptured? Much depends upon the answer. Two-thirds of the Transport Commission's costs are labour costs. The vast capital expenditures of the modernization plan will show a profit only if the new equipment is utilized to capacity. At every point, the success of the plan depends on railwaymen, not only at the top, but at every level.

On the railways as elsewhere, the years of neglect, of cheeseparing economies, have left bitter marks on men's memories. But already the railway technical revolution is beginning to stir up some of the dust, to upset some of the immense, tidy departmentalism. The railway trade unions have joined with the management to form the British Railways' Productivity Council, and, on its recommendation, a residential work study training centre has been set up at Watford to spread the gospel of Efficiency through the railway system. Incentive bonus schemes have resulted in greatly expanded output and pay and are being steadily extended.

"Modernization assistants" appear in all departments all over the country. Among the bowler hats these days there is a mighty coming and going, a great stirring. But keen young men, *sans* bowlers, are coming in, too. At the Derby diesel training school, a young Yorkshire fitter explained to me why he had joined the railways at the end of his engineering apprenticeship. He had seen the new diesel railcars dashing about between Leeds and Bradford and Harrogate. "I thought," he said, "it was the thing of the future." THE END

WHY?

See page 33

BECAUSE the judge held that when a person appoints an estate agent as "sole agent" that does not prevent him from selling the property himself; it only prevents him from selling it through another agent.
(This ruling is based on actual cases.)

FOLLOW HIM to £500–

and the final TEST MATCH!

AT work, thirty-year-old accountant Mr. G. J. Mayall is concerned with *figures*. In leisure moments he enjoys fun with *words*—the kind Bullets gives you. And that fun has just won him £500 plus seats for next month's Final Test Match. His winning words were: UP AGAINST IT—YOU, MAYBE? . BE "MAY"!

Have fun yourself by finding words for this week's Bullets coupon below . . . *you* can follow Mr. Mayall to £500 and seats for England v. West Indies at the Oval, *plus* a sightseeing weekend in London.

Man with a winning smile is £500 winner Mr. G. J. Mayall (38 Frances Road, Dewsbury). Join him at the Oval on August 24!

£500 BULLETS CASH 1st PRIZE plus WEEKEND in LONDON for TWO with TEST TICKETS

Your weekend in London includes fares, hotel accommodation and two reserved seats at the Oval for Saturday, August 24—extra holiday cheque if preferred.

OTHER PRIZES: £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 100 "Double Sixers," 1,500 2-in-1 Awards with £1,000 Surprise and SUMMER FEASTS—see below

WAY TO WIN

Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

Better For The World	Got My Monkey Up
Let's Pull Together And	Just The Thing
The Great Deterrent	When Dad Played Detective
In A Police State	Girls, Girls, Girls
Opportunity's Hare	Quieter, Faster, Deadlier
Holiday From School	Stampede On The Front
A Victory For Science	Worthless
When The Mind Is Sick	Sonny's Camping Out, So
Soothing Syrup	Busy Little Bee
A Grand Innings	Dreaming About Tomorrow

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as usual.

In The Housewife's.....	A Mockery Of.....
Treated Like A.....	At War With.....
.....Pair	.....Scene

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

CHICKEN, CHAMPAGNE, PEACHES and CREAM Grand Summer Feast as Bonus to each of the 20 chief winners whose successful Bullet was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,100 Closing Postmark MONDAY, JULY 29

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 6d. per Bullet.

Signed.....

Address.....

P.O. Value.....

No.....

ENTRY FEE 6d. PER "BULLET"

PRIZES value over £2,500 COMING!

Your name and address below (with stamp affixed in space) bring you immediately coupons for Bullets 2,101, 2,102, 2,103, and 2,104 and full details of coming prizes value over £2,500. (For complete eight-page *Bulletin*, add extra 2½d. stamp.)

Name.....

Address.....

.....851

STICK 2½d. STAMP HERE

THRILLING £750 OPPORTUNITY NEXT WEEK!

ANOTHER WOMAN £500 WINNER!

"BULLETS" No. 2,095—FIRST PRIZE, £500—or £75 London Holiday plus £450: Mrs. G. M. Egerton, "Medina," Sherwood Drive, New Ollerton, Newark:

Modern Girl Painting Face, Town—*Home*!

£25: A. Gilbert, 12 Gwendor Avenue, Crumpsall, Manchester: MAN, THE EXPLORER — BEWILDERED — *Uranium* AFFECTING COMPASS.

£10: H. F. Tennant, 82 Bonsall Road, Birmingham: IN SUMMER'S PAGEANT—TOO OFTEN—VILLAGE *Watercart*!

OTHER AWARDS. £9: D. A. Wood, 249 Cottingham Road, Hull: TO EASE THE BURDEN—WEIGHTING ONE—"ONE" WAITING. £8: C. J. Wilmot, Parish Hall, Shawford, Winchester: BOUND TO CANE—BRITAIN—EVERYBODY'S "PALMS UPPERMOST." £7: Miss R. Vasey, Virginia Cottage, Shipton Thorpe, York: KISS FOR THE BRIDEGROOM—*First* "SMACK" FROM MOTHER-IN-LAW! £6: W. Hurst, 17 Bowness Road, Bolton: DISQUALIFIED FROM DRIVING—FOR SIX *Crawling* MONTHS! £5: Mrs. V. Barrowclough, 29 School Lane, Didsbury, Manchester: OVER MOON'S DEAD BODY—IF HE *Lives*—MAN? £5: R. F. Sims, 55 Tynemouth Road, London, N.15: LUCKY GIRL—*Unplaced* IN BEAUTY CONTEST! £5: J. Tonge, 4 Hazel Avenue, Whalley Range, Manchester: IN A QUIET SPOT—INTERPRETER OLGA TALKED—*Hats*!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see *Bullets Bulletin*. 100 "Double Six" Prizes and 1,500 2-in-1 Awards have also been posted. (£40 Presentation as offered won by Mr. A. Gilbert, Manchester.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross £ & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated August 24), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, August 10, for early news of No. 2,100 result.)

POST ENTRY

Bullets 2,100, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

3/3 a bottle

The most 'orangey' of orange drinks

Whole oranges . . . plump, fleshy and full of juice . . . are the making of Orange Smash. Picked when the sunshine has brought them to the peak of ripeness, they give Smash the unmistakable flavour of the fresh fruit. Get a bottle for the family today; add about four parts water to one part Orange Smash, and the verdict of the whole family will be 'Smashing!'

ROBINSON'S

Orange Smash

FROM ROBINSON'S OF BARLEY WATER FAME

CVB-16

You'll walk with zest and look your best in

P7590. For the broader foot. *Designed for a slender line, this neat court shoe is available in these popular shades; Black, Brown, Blue, Beige and Sherry Tan kid and Black suede. 30 Shape. In sizes and half sizes 2—9.* *Price* **63/11**

Prices range from 59/11 to 72/9

Write for the new Summer Styles booklet and name of your nearest Appointed Agent to:—

Portland STYLE · COMFORT SHOES

PORTLAND SHOES LTD., (DEPT. 52), LEICESTER

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on this copy: Inland, 3d.; Abroad, 2d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorised cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Roberts

NEW

EXCITING TASTE

IN TINGLING-FRESH S.R.

The minute you start brushing you'll notice it — the new, exciting taste of Gibbs SR. You'll notice, too, it's as tingling-fresh as ever. The Sodium Ricinoleate in SR sees to that.

You'll feel that healthy tingle on your gums as you brush. And it's that tingle that *tells* you SR is doing you good — not just keeping your teeth clean, but caring for your gums as well. Brush night and morning with tingling-fresh SR to keep your whole mouth fresh and healthy.

Try the new SR to-day! Only SR tells you it's doing you good. 1/10, 2/8 or the economy size 3/6.

SR is good for teeth and gums

GR 320C-1345